

BUSINESS CHANCES FOR AMERICANS IN CHINA, THE WORLD'S GREATEST KLONDIKE.
ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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THE MARVELOUS ESCAPE OF LIEUTENANT GILLMORE AND HIS ASSOCIATES.

THE LAST AMERICAN PRISONERS IN THE HANDS OF THE FILIPINOS REACH THE AMERICAN LINES, RAGGED, EXHAUSTED, AND STARVING.
DRAWN FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY ITS SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE PHILIPPINES, G. W. PETERS.—[SEE PAGE 67.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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"Business Chances in Manila."

LESLIE'S WEEKLY has arranged with H. Irving Hancock, its special correspondent in the Philippines, for a series of four articles on "Business Chances in Manila," written from the standpoint of an observant, sagacious, and conservative journalist. These articles are full of sound advice for those who contemplate a visit to Manila to seek opportunities for investment or speculation. Mr. Hancock points out the best available openings for men and women, the difficulties to be avoided, and the advantages to be sought. The series will be of practical interest and of great value. The first article will appear in our issue of next week, and will be entitled "Sound and Timely Advice to Those Who Think of Going to the Philippines."

The "Open Door" Not Enough.

THE astonishing statements of China's enormous undeveloped wealth and its tremendous trade possibilities printed in this issue will be a revelation to the United States. The more we learn of the ancient empire the more apparent it becomes that it offers us the greatest foreign trade the world has ever known. Senator Beveridge, in his magnificent oration on the Philippines, called attention to its wonderful value. Altogether too little attention has been paid on this side of the Atlantic to the determined effort of the McKinley administration at Washington to secure an "open door" to China's enormous trade. On the other side of the Atlantic it is recognized as the greatest of all commercial questions.

Our demand for the "open door" brought consternation to the Powers that have been planning the partition of the empire and the appropriation of its markets. They have assented to our demand, but we must not let this lead us into believing that they have abandoned plans so long contemplated. The promise of the "open door" is made but to be broken when any one of the Powers feels strong enough to do so. They have wrung too many rich concessions from the unwilling government at Peking to accept simply the result of open competition. It shows how little we understand the situation when we satisfy ourselves with their written assurances that they will respect our treaty rights and observe the "open door."

China's foreign trade last year amounted to over \$250,000,000. Of this amount we secured only \$33,000,000, or about thirteen per cent. The reason for this is that Americans are the only people who are forced to compete for trade in the open market without the assistance of their government. Not a single substantial concession has been secured in China by Americans. Our government expects its citizens to go to China and secure valuable contracts and concessions by virtue of their ability to make the lowest bids and do the best work. Other governments have compelled the Chinese to grant concessions upon terms dictated by themselves under threats of the seizure of ports or territory.

Every aggression of the competing Powers has been for the purpose of securing new plums for distribution among their favored citizens. Under such conditions Americans have had absolutely no chance, nor shall we have until our government is prepared to protect China from the demands and threats of others, and to guarantee her territorial integrity. We must act at once. A year, a month, may be too late, for Russia is knocking at the gates of Peking. Japan sees the danger, but is too weak to act alone. England sees it, but her hands are full. Germany and France see it and are trying to save a moiety for themselves. We alone refuse to see the danger—we, who have the most at stake and the most to lose.

We must demand that the government at Peking, whose mysterious head is imprisoned within the purple walls of the forbidden city, be relieved from the pressure and coercion to which it has been subjected, and that China's great concessions be open to free competition. The timid need not fear; it will not be necessary to fight. Our demand will have the support of every Power but one, and when it is made the Russian bear will withdraw his claws, thankful for what he secured before the American eagle awoke. Our trade in China is already sufficient to offer an extremely profitable business to an American bank with headquarters in Shanghai and branches in Tien-Tsin, Chefoo, and Hong-Kong. With the developing of our trade and the financing of Chinese railroads, such a bank would become one of the greatest financial institutions of the world.

The Chinese are suspicious of interpreters, and will always trade more quickly with one who can negotiate in their own language. In many of our missionaries' sons we have a large number of young men knowing the peculiarities of the people and having a perfect knowledge of the language. They ought to be particularly valuable to us in our efforts to secure the Chinese market.

Too great credit cannot be given to President McKinley's administration for the step which it has taken to secure an "open door" to China's trade. It is a step that indicates the greatest statesmanship and foresight. Let us arouse ourselves. From our position in the Philippines we can look over into the "promised land" of the commercial world. Its possession will make us the paramount commercial Power and bring us riches beyond the dream of nations. Shall we go down and possess China, or shall we wander yet forty years in the wilderness?

Millions for Education.

AN observant and impartial Englishman, himself a distinguished educator, not long ago pointed out that the educational institutions of America were much more highly favored than similar institutions elsewhere, because of the magnificent gifts they received from men of wealth. Neither England nor Germany, it was said, with all their famous schools of learning, could show anything to compare with the lavishing of our gifts upon education.

Events of the past year have gone far to confirm the noble pre-eminence thus accorded to the United States. The year 1899 was without precedent or parallel in respect to the beneficence shown toward our educational institutions. The amount donated or bequeathed to the universities, colleges, and academies during the year aggregated no less than \$55,581,817, these gifts coming from thirty-four persons in amounts ranging from \$100,000 to \$28,000,000. This showing is certainly one in which every intelligent American may take a just pride, and it ought to have its effect in dispelling the foolish and unjust prejudice in some quarters against the accumulators and possessors of wealth.

When to these gifts for educational purposes are added the \$2,961,593 given to churches in this country during 1899, the \$13,036,676 to charities, and the \$5,012,400 to libraries, we have still further reason for congratulation. The republic cannot be retrograding, as some would have us believe, when so many of its citizens care enough about the welfare of their fellow-men to bestow such generous gifts as these.

But if 1899 surpassed all previous years in the total of the gifts received for the cause of education, this closing year of the century promises to make a still more brilliant record. We have taken some pains to note the bequests and endowments made thus far in the year for the purposes named, and the sums already aggregate a magnificent total. It seems almost as if the happy possessors of great fortunes in America had been engaged since the present year opened in a noble rivalry in the matter of conferring great and lasting benefits upon their less fortunate fellow-men.

Chicago University was one of the first institutions to profit. On New Year's day it received an addition of \$1,000,000 to its endowment fund from Mr. John D. Rockefeller, to whom it was already indebted for many millions. Since that date Oberlin College has been the recipient of \$60,000 from Mr. L. H. Severance, a business associate of Mr. Rockefeller. Tufts College has come into possession of \$50,000 from Mr. Walter Scott Dickson; the University of Wyoming has been made the owner of six blocks of valuable land adjacent to its grounds, the gift of President Burt, of the Union Pacific; Mr. Aaron French, a Pittsburgh capitalist, has added to previous donations to the Georgia School of Technology the sum of \$3,500 for a special purpose; Harvard College has benefited to the extent of \$10,000 from the estate of Mrs. Mary Weld, and has received \$100,000 by bequest from Caroline Brewer Croft, this amount to be spent in the investigation of the disease of cancer. Syracuse University has also been still further enriched by two substantial gifts since the year began, one of \$40,000 from Mrs. Willard Ives, of Watertown, N. Y., to endow a chair of the English Bible, and \$25,000 from the estate of the late Erastus F. Holden, of Syracuse, to endow a chair of astronomy.

For educational work other than that of colleges and universities, we have the munificent gift of \$300,000 made by Mr. Andrew Carnegie to enable the trustees of Cooper Union, in New York, to maintain a day school in addition to the night school of mechanic arts, to which Messrs. Abram S. Hewitt and Edward Cooper have since added \$200,000, making a round half-million dollars for the purpose. Somewhat distinct from all these in its specific aims was the princely gift of \$2,000,000 announced from Professor J. A. Munyon, of Philadelphia, for the erection and maintenance of a school for dependent girls, to be located near that city.

We thus have a total of cash gifts to American educational institutions aggregating \$3,788,500, from eleven individuals, all recorded within the first ten days of the new year, to which doubtless other large sums might be added which have escaped our notice. We have made no attempt at a complete record. All this beneficence, too, is for the spread of education among the people and not for the benefit of a favored few. It is by such uses that the accumulation of wealth finds its largest and noblest justification. Such institutions as Cooper Union, Pratt Institute, and Girard College, made possible only by the generosity and philanthropic spirit of the possessors of great riches, are a perpetual protest against the senseless and indiscriminate denunciation of men who have the energy and ability to accumulate great fortunes.

How Experience Teaches.

COTTON, more than anything else, made South Carolina a persistent advocate of free trade, and it will not be surprising if cotton, within a few years, should make South Carolina a protection State. The cotton planters of South Carolina fifty years ago thought the quickest way to make money was by raising cotton, selling it to the English manufacturer, and pay-

ing him a handsome profit on the finished goods which they imported. But South Carolina has discovered at last that there is a profit not only in raising and selling cotton, but also in manufacturing and selling cotton goods, and Governor McSweeney, in his recent annual message, declared that South Carolina would soon be able to manufacture all the cotton that she grows, as well as a good deal of the crop grown in adjoining States. All over the South cotton-mills are springing up and the industry is phenomenally profitable. It is natural, therefore, that the cotton manufacturers of South Carolina should stand in line with those of New England in opposition to the free importation of cotton goods. They realize the justice of the contention that the English manufacturer competing with the American mill-owner should pay his part of the burden of supporting our government. Theory is all very well, but experience is the best teacher, and before its practical lessons theories fade away like the mists of the morning. The late Henry W. Grady, one of the most gifted and polished statesmen that the South has produced, said to the writer, two years before that great Georgia editor died, that the South was by nature destined to advocate protection and that Grover Cleveland was the last strong opponent of the protective principle who would ever receive the support of the solid South. That prediction is being rapidly verified.

The Plain Truth.

A GOOD deal of fun is being poked at some of the irregular troops which Great Britain has been sending to South Africa. The London newspapers remark that some of the volunteers from the city are including in their army outfit such things as air-pillows, cork mattresses, canvas buckets, water-filters, boxes of candies, pajamas, clothes-brushes, and writing portfolios. Imagine the American volunteers in the Philippines burdened with such impedimenta! How they would be laughed at! Imagine the sharpshooting Boers, secure in their trenches, being besieged by an army accoutred with towels, pajamas, filters, and canvas bath-tubs!

Sound-money bills are now before both houses of Congress, and the country is awaiting the outcome with greater interest than appears on the surface. The hope and expectation has been that the differences between the House and Senate bills would be promptly harmonized, and that a long and fruitless discussion would be avoided. Pride of opinion or precedence might well be sacrificed at such a juncture. Nothing could be worse for the prosperous condition of the country than a stubborn fight in Congress over the currency bills. If the advocates of an honest-money standard cannot reconcile their little differences and agree among themselves, their conduct will revive the hopes of those who oppose the gold standard and who are willing, regardless of consequences, to renew the agitation of the silver question.

One of the astute members of the National Republican Committee, Mr. Henry C. Payne, of Wisconsin, says if New York Republicans do not get together, reconcile their differences, and agree upon some one man for the Vice-Presidential nomination this honor will go to a Western State. Secretary Root has taken himself out of the contest. Ex Secretary Bliss is impulsive and possibly receptive. Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff is hot after the honor, and ex-Governor Black a possible dark horse, if he would accept as a compromise candidate. Governor Roosevelt would be acceptable to the administration, but he refuses to consider the matter. The situation is interesting, for if Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff should secure the nomination for the Vice-Presidency in 1900 it would make him eligible, possibly, for the Presidency in 1904, and certainly for the Vice-Presidency again in that year. But Governor Roosevelt's friends are expecting that he himself will be the Republican candidate for President in 1904, and two New-Yorkers, obviously, could not go on the ticket. Woodruff in 1904, therefore, makes Roosevelt impossible in 1904, and some of the latter's friends are striving, in consequence, either to make Woodruff's nomination for the Vice-Presidency impossible, or to induce the Governor to accept the honor himself and thus efface Woodruff from the contest. At this juncture the unfortunate factional division which has been created against the protest of the Republican organization by the relentless opposition of Governor Roosevelt to the retention of Insurance Superintendent Payn, opens the one gleam of hope which the Democracy in the State, and possibly in the nation, is able to see.

In spite of the difficulties in South Africa, Englishmen are still taking a deep interest in the recovery of the America's Cup, and we find that the London *Yachtsman* has recently reprinted the illustrated article captioned "Why the *Shamrock* Lost," which was written for LESLIE'S WEEKLY by Stinson Jarvis. While referring in a leading editorial to its reprint of the article, the *Yachtsman* went off on its own account to handle Hogarth without gloves, and gave the skipper of the *Shamrock* a dressing-down which seemed to indicate an English necessity of finding a scapegoat somewhere. There was nothing in our article to suggest that Hogarth was to blame for the *Shamrock*'s final defeat. On the contrary, the variety of expert opinion which was there collected showed that no one knew with certainty where the real defect was. Hogarth refused to say what he thought was wrong in the model. He said: "That is for yacht-designers to discuss. I am not a yacht-designer. My place is to do the best possible with any boat that is placed in my hands to sail, and that's what I did with the *Shamrock*. If she did not sail as close to the wind as the *Columbia* it was because she could not be made to." It might be a good thing for Hogarth if he would come out and say just what he thought about the real defects of the last challenger. It is wholly unproved that he was at fault, yet it is a fact that a large number of Englishmen seem inclined to place the blame on him. He is not paid to bear the weight of Fife's blunders, nor is there any code of yachting etiquette which forces one man to be sacrificed to save another. If Hogarth knows, or thinks he knows, the real defect in the *Shamrock*, he owes it to himself and to his standing in his profession as a yacht-skipper to come out and explain.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

A BRIGHT and promising life went out when Lieutenant Ward Cheney fell in battle in the Philippines on January 7th, slain by an insurgent bullet. He was only twenty-four years of age, only recently graduated from college with the highest honors, and fresh from a chosen calling where he had every promise of a brilliant and successful career. The Cheney home is at South Manchester, Conn. Colonel F. W. Cheney, the father of Ward, is a veteran of the Civil War, and when our war with Spain broke out he sent four of his sons to the front, one of whom, Austin Cheney, left his class in Yale College to join the Yale Battery. Ward

was then on the staff of the Hartford *Courant*, having decided to enter the newspaper profession immediately on his graduation from Yale in 1896. During his undergraduate days he was the editor of the Yale *Daily News*, and was one of the most popular men in the university. His unusual ability and strength of character gained for him a commission as lieutenant when he offered his services to the government in 1898, and his record in the service from that time to the end was of the highest character. He is said to be the eighth Yale man who has lost his life in the war in the Philippines. He was a member of the Fourth Infantry under General Wheaton, and was engaged with a force of the enemy near Imus when he met his death.

—So many histories of the Spanish-American war, good, bad, and indifferent, have been rushed into print during the past year that the topic has ceased to have any interest for many people, but an exception will be made, we are sure, in favor of a booklet on the subject now before us, which has the unique distinction of having been written and published by a lad only fourteen years of age, Mr. James Stanley Moffat. Without going into critical details, we may say that some of the histories written by the "grown-ups" have less actual and intrinsic merit than this little book. In its style, grammatical construction,

and other literary features it is, in fact, a remarkable and highly creditable production for a mere boy. It is clear, comprehensive, and interesting. It is to be noted that this history is Master Moffat's first attempt at authorship. He gathered the facts on which it is based from the newspapers, beginning the work of compilation at the opening of the war. Young Moffat is a native of Florida, and his home is at West Palm Beach, where he holds the honored and responsible position of sole operator in charge of the International Ocean Telegraph Company's office. The fact that he is considered capable of filling such an important post, together with his achievement as historian, shows that Stanley is a boy of far more than ordinary ability. The world will doubtless hear of him again.

—Many homes in the Sunflower State have been saddened as well as glorified by the deaths of its gallant and heroic sons while in the service of their country in the Philippines. Among those who have thus laid down their lives none had a more promising future than Major Frank C. Armstrong, of the Thirty-second United States Infantry, who died at Manila on December 4th, from disease contracted in the swamps of Luzon. Major Armstrong was a native of Ohio, and a graduate of Delaware College and Columbus Medical School in that State. He removed to El Dorado, Kan., in 1885, where he acquired a large and

growing practice as a physician and surgeon. Possessed with a love for military life, he entered the Kansas National Guard as a surgeon, where his professional skill and his charming personality made him highly popular. He served with the Twenty-first Kansas in their home camp during the Spanish war, and in October, 1899, was appointed surgeon of the Thirty-second In-

fantry and was ordered to the Philippines. Here he was assigned to General Wheeler's brigade in General MacArthur's division, and saw much hard service at the front. His wife was with him in the islands when he died.

—The most brilliant nuptial event of the present season at Washington was the marriage, on January 10th, of Miss Cecilia Sherman Miles, daughter of General Nelson A. Miles, to Captain Samuel Reber, United States Army. The ceremony took place at noon in the historic edifice of St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church. The popularity of the happy couple was evidenced by the large and notable assemblage gathered to witness the event, the spacious edifice being filled to the doors. Miss Miles' attendants were Miss Anna Hoyt, of New York, as maid-of-honor, with the following bridesmaids: Miss Reber, of St. Louis, sister of the groom; Miss Sherman, of Cleveland; Miss Rosina Hoyt, of New York; Miss Jessie Gary, of Baltimore; Miss Deering and

Miss Lowry, of Washington. Mr. Max Reber was his brother's best man, and nearly all the ushers were brother officers of the groom. One of the latter was Mr. P. T. Sherman, of New York, a cousin of both the bride and groom. The guests included the members of the Cabinet, the Supreme Court, the British ambassador and Lady Pauncefort, the Russian ambassador, Count Cassini, and Mademoiselle Cassini; the German ambassador, Baron von Holleben; and also the representatives of nearly all the other foreign embassies in Washington. The army, the navy, and the marine corps were also represented by their most distinguished officers. Captain Reber is one of the rising young men in the army. He was graduated from West Point in 1886, soon after entered the signal corps and served in that connection in the Spanish war, and was afterward superintendent of telegraphs in Cuba. He is now stationed at Governor's Island as chief signal officer of the Eastern Department.

—First Lieutenant Frank Edward Lynch, of Alabama, is one of the latest appointments made by President McKinley at large, and is one of the youngest of American fighters. Lieutenant Lynch comes from fighting stock. Both of his grandfathers served as commodores in the American navy. His grandfather, Commodore William F. Lynch, served with distinction before the Civil War in the old navy of the Union. He explored the Dead Sea, and wrote a book upon that very interesting subject, which was published all over the world. He received the thanks of Congress for his explorations and report. He was one of the most prolific and instructive writers of the old navy. Commodore Shaw, Lieutenant Lynch's grandfather, also served long and faithfully in the American navy. Lieutenant Lynch has sailed with his regiment for the Philippine Islands.

—A few years before the Civil War there was born on a plantation near Macon, Ga., a little negro girl who was destined to become a leader among her people. Unusually precocious, the child was taken from the "quarters" to "the big house"; there she learned from her young mistress to read and write. With freedom came many hardships and the struggle for a livelihood. With ignorance as an inheritance, poverty her birthright, Lucy Laney found the battle a hard one. But there was within her that "divine spark" that makes all things possible. Patiently and persistently she struggled for the education she must and would have. Having acquired it, she sought to use it as a weapon with which to free her fellow-men from the slavery centuries of ignorance had imposed. Georgia has the largest negro population of all the States. In Richmond County alone

there are 8,874 negro children. And so it was at Augusta that Lucy Laney elected to begin her work. Through the kindness of white friends she was enabled to rent a two storied tenement on the outskirts of the city, and there she gathered the little ragged pickaninnies around her and patiently labored to turn their minds to "better things." Her efforts at first were of necessity limited, but as her opportunities grew her ambition increased, and so it is that the Haines Normal and Industrial School for young colored men and women stands as a monument to her ambition and tireless zeal. As to the efficiency of the work, the honesty and ability of its founder, the results speak for themselves. The school shows an enrollment of 316 students, four States being represented. Its corps of teachers numbers sixteen, all of them negroes, several graduates of the school. Its curriculum embraces the kindergarten and grammar courses, English course, college preparatory course, and normal school. It is under the auspices of the Presbyterian Board of Missions for Freedmen, but the burden of the work rests on the little brown-skinned woman whose broad philanthropy and wonderful insight into human nature have made her an inspiration to her race.

—The bitter and sanguinary struggle in South Africa has already filled many a home in England with sorrow and mourning, and the Queen mother herself has had her share of personal bereavement. The Marquis of Winchester, an officer in the Coldstream Guards, who received a fatal wound at Magersfontein, was a near kinsman of her Majesty. He was a man of large wealth and is said to have had a most engaging personality. He was a member of the famous Paulet family, and one of his progenitors, Mr. John Paulet, distinguished himself as one of Oliver Cromwell's most successful and resourceful enemies. The Paulet family motto is

"Love loyalty," and this has been the guiding and ruling sentiment of each successive generation. As a sportsman Lord Winchester was well and favorably known. He was counted one of the hundred best shots in the kingdom, but his favorite pastime was that of fishing. He had a beautiful country seat at St. Mary's, near Andover, and here he spent many days of each season, and entertained his friends in royal fashion.

—One of the facts worthy of remembrance in connection with the Spanish-American war, was the eagerness and enthusiasm with which men of every trade and profession, of all ranks and conditions, proffered their services to the government. The architects of the country were worthily represented by Mr. William McL. Goodrich, a member of their craft from Baltimore. He was assigned to duty on board the *Dixie*, which was manned by the Maryland Naval Reserves, and held the rank of lieutenant. He had charge of the six-inch rifles on the gun-deck forward. Lieutenant Goodrich comes of a distinguished ancestry. He is a great-grandnephew of General Lafayette, and a great grandson

of William Wordsworth, the poet. When the lieutenant was mustered out of the service at the close of the war, the Maryland reserves presented him with a set of beautiful engrossed resolutions, expressive of the high esteem in which they held him. He was extremely popular with the men and his brother officers.

—Two years ago Mlle. Jeanne Chauvan, of Paris, applied to the authorities to be admitted to the Bar as a lawyer. She had passed her examinations far more brilliantly than most men, and only waited the verdict of those in authority to make her a full-fledged advocate with the right to practice. It was a very sensational scene at the Palais de Justice when the affair was brought up. All the students of the Sorbonne were there and cheered her as she appeared. They admired the girl who had been cleverer than they. The verdict was that no woman could practice law in France, and Mlle. Chauvan went out amid the cheers of

encouragement, and she has never ceased to press her claims when they would work the most for her good. At last she has succeeded, for less than a week ago the courts granted the right to women to practice law with the full honors of men, and Mlle. Jeanne Chauvan is the first to go to the Bar. She is also one of the editors and founders of the famous woman's paper of Paris.



LIEUTENANT WARD CHENEY, KILLED BY THE FILIPINOS.
Photograph by Pach.

was then on the staff of the Hartford *Courant*, having decided to enter the newspaper profession immediately on his graduation from Yale in 1896. During his undergraduate days he was the editor of the Yale *Daily News*, and was one of the most popular men in the university. His unusual ability and strength of character gained for him a commission as lieutenant when he offered his services to the government in 1898, and his record in the service from that time to the end was of the highest character. He is said to be the eighth Yale man who has lost his life in the war in the Philippines. He was a member of the Fourth Infantry under General Wheaton, and was engaged with a force of the enemy near Imus when he met his death.

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MRS. SAMUEL REBER, DAUGHTER OF GENERAL MILES, RECENTLY MARRIED.

Miss Lowry, of Washington. Mr. Max Reber was his brother's best man, and nearly all the ushers were brother officers of the groom. One of the latter was Mr. P. T. Sherman, of New York, a cousin of both the bride and groom. The guests included the members of the Cabinet, the Supreme Court, the British ambassador and Lady Pauncefort, the Russian ambassador, Count Cassini, and Mademoiselle Cassini; the German ambassador, Baron von Holleben; and also the representatives of nearly all the other foreign embassies in Washington. The army, the navy, and the marine corps were also represented by their most distinguished officers. Captain Reber is one of the rising young men in the army. He was graduated from West Point in 1886, soon after entered the signal corps and served in that connection in the Spanish war, and was afterward superintendent of telegraphs in Cuba. He is now stationed at Governor's Island as chief signal officer of the Eastern Department.

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—A few years before the Civil War there was born on a plantation near Macon, Ga., a little negro girl who was destined to become a leader among her people. Unusually precocious, the child was taken from the "quarters" to "the big house"; there she learned from her young mistress to read and write. With freedom came many hardships and the struggle for a livelihood. With ignorance as an inheritance, poverty her birthright, Lucy Laney found the battle a hard one. But there was within her that "divine spark" that makes all things possible. Patiently and persistently she struggled for the education she must and would have. Having acquired it, she sought to use it as a weapon with which to free her fellow-men from the slavery centuries of ignorance had imposed. Georgia has the largest negro population of all the States. In Richmond County alone



SURGEON FRANK C. ARMSTRONG, WHO DIED AT MANILA.

growing practice as a physician and surgeon. Possessed with a love for military life, he entered the Kansas National Guard as a surgeon, where his professional skill and his charming personality made him highly popular. He served with the Twenty-first Kansas in their home camp during the Spanish war, and in October, 1899, was appointed surgeon of the Thirty-second In-

fantry and was ordered to the Philippines. Here he was assigned to General Wheeler's brigade in General MacArthur's division, and saw much hard service at the front. His wife was with him in the islands when he died.

—Many homes in the Sunflower State have been saddened as well as glorified by the deaths of its gallant and heroic sons while in the service of their country in the Philippines. Among those who have thus laid down their lives none had a more promising future than Major Frank C. Armstrong, of the Thirty-second United States Infantry, who died at Manila on December 4th, from disease contracted in the swamps of Luzon. Major Armstrong was a native of Ohio, and a graduate of Delaware College and Columbus Medical School in that State. He removed to El Dorado, Kan., in 1885, where he acquired a large and

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THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MAXINE ELLIOTT, ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN ON THE AMERICAN STAGE.
Photograph by Rockwood. Copyrighted, 1900.



ADA REHAN, WHO IS ABOUT TO "STAR" WITH KLAU & ERLANGER.
Copyright, 1897, by A. Dupont.



MRS. LANGTRY, THE ENGLISH ACTRESS, NOW AT THE GARDEN THEATRE, IN "THE DEGENERATES."



OPENING OF THE SECOND ACT OF "AT THE LOWER HARBOUR," AT THE AMERICAN THEATRE, NEW YORK.



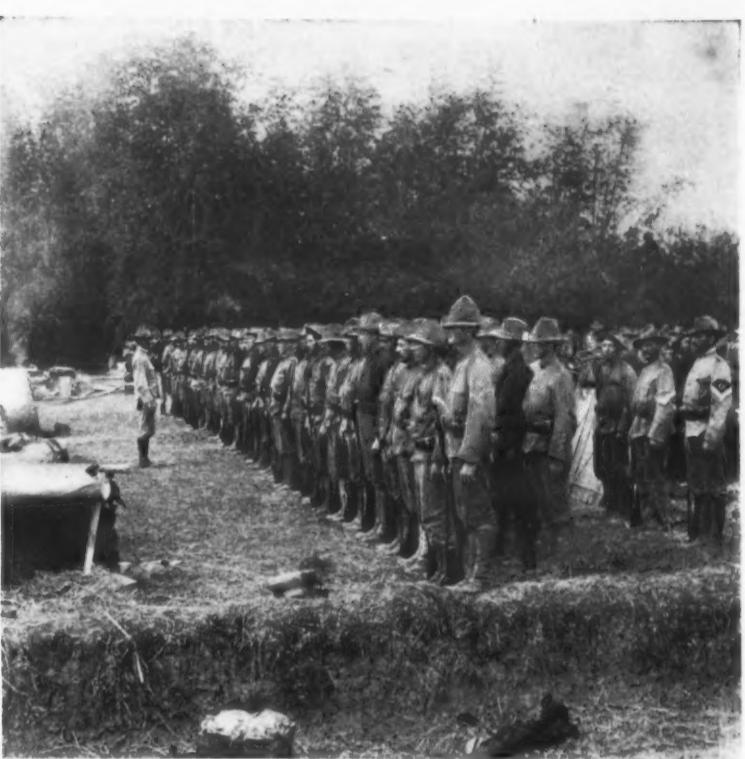
THE EXCITING FARM SCENE, THIRD ACT OF "THE VILLAGE POSTMASTER," AT THE FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE.

SOME OF THE MIDWINTER DRAMATIC ATTRACTIONS OF NEW YORK.

[SEE PAGE 71.]



THE STURDY SEVENTEENTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY IN CAMP NEAR MANILA.



THE FIGHTING TWENTY-SECOND UNITED STATES INFANTRY ON REVIEW AT MALOLOS.



REVIEW OF COMPANY I, OF THE TWELFTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY, ON THE LUNETA, MANILA.



OFFICERS' HEADQUARTERS AT MALOLOS, OF THE FIRST BATTALION, TWENTY-SECOND UNITED STATES INFANTRY.



ENCAMPMENT OF THE WIDE-AWAKE TWELFTH REGULARS NEAR MANILA.



FILIPINO PRISONERS UNDER GUARD AT PASIG.

UNCLE SAM'S SUPERB FIGHTERS WHO ARE PURSUING AGUINALDO.

ENERGETICALLY PUSHING THE WAR IN THE PHILIPPINES TO A SATISFACTORY CONCLUSION.—STEREO-PHOTOGRAPH, COPYRIGHTED 1899,
BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD.

TALES FROM LUZON, IV.—THE MAN UP THE TREE.

LEAVES FROM OUR WAR CORRESPONDENT'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY H. IRVING HANCOCK.

ALL along the line there was the lull that tries men's nerves. It is when you have not heard a shot fired by the enemy for the last two full minutes by the watch, and yet know pretty near where he is, and know also that he knows where you are, that the heart is apt to beat fast with a nameless, fascinated dread. You are stalking him and he is stalking you. Which will "get" the other?

Two companies of men lay in line on the ground under the trees at the edge of the wood. There were other troops to the right of them, others to the left, yet these men felt in a sense alone, for they were the only two companies of their regiment on the spot, and constituted for the time being a separate command. They had their work cut out for them, these two companies. Four hundred yards or so to the northward was a similar line of the enemy, crouching behind the security of a well-constructed trench. About midway between the lines ran a deep, narrow tide-water river. The work cut out for these two companies of Americans was to shoot a neat third-of-an-inch hole through as many as possible of the brown heads that occasionally showed over the top of the trench across the river.

By and by these two companies would have to rise, yelling and shooting in common with the rest of the line, rush forward, get over the river—somehow—keep on rushing straight up to the redoubt—and some time after dark bury the good fellows whom they lost by the manoeuvre. But that rush belonged to the future. The present only may the soldier claim.

At about the point where the two companies touched ends stood a big, gnarled mahogany tree. By the side of it, for partial protection, stood a sharpshooter, alertly scanning the enemy's line. A few feet back, under the shade of the tree, sat a grizzled captain, trained in the Civil War, sharpened and keened by decades of grisly Indian work on the frontier. He commanded the two companies now. In the morning he had held four under his sway, but two companies, under a junior captain, had been ordered to the other side of the track. Close to him sat two second lieutenants, each in command of one of the companies. On the other side was another lieutenant, the battalion adjutant. A little to the rear of them lay an army doctor and another man who matters not.

As the trying lull lengthened the tension grew greater.

"I wonder," muttered one of the lieutenants, "whether the brown rascals have fled?"

"Not unless they want to give us the trench," responded the captain, promptly. "There goes a head up," he added, with field-glasses to his eyes.

"Another!" heralded the adjutant, using his unaided vision to detect a second enemy.

"We'll catch it in a minute," mused one of the youthful company commanders aloud.

"Be ready to fire, men, at the command," admonished the captain's steady, penetrative voice. "Remember to aim low and straight, and don't waste lead."

"Pss-ss!" sang something by the captain's ear as he finished speaking. It was the first shot to break the lull.

"They've got two or three sharpshooters over there," remarked the captain to the boys grouped about him. "They've discovered that we're the officers, and they mean to finish us."

"Bad luck to their aim, then!" laughed one of the lieutenants, thinking of the bright-eyed girl in Manila who had put on his engagement-ring the week before.

"Zug!" remarked a Mauser, striking the dirt at the captain's feet, while a bullet that had come almost in the other's company punched a hole in the adjutant's worn sombrero.

"Not enough heads up yet over there," remarked the captain, explanatorily. "When they get rasher, and show a few more, we'll give 'em our best in volleys."

Crack! went the rifle in the sharpshooter's hands.

"Missed him!" growled the marksman, disappointedly. Then, stepping back from the tree and saluting, the sharpshooter bent over to whisper something in the captain's ear.

"Good enough," nodded that officer. "You may try it, Gray. Go and get ready. When you come back I'll help you."

Just as Gray started, crouching, to the rear, up went the whole long line of heads over the Filipino redoubt. There was a flash, a rattling roar, a tempest of Mausers through the leaves and grass. Speedily but steadily the American soldiers answered. On both sides the volleying quickly died down to occasional shots. Gray came back with a coil of rope over his arm just in time to see two bullets throw up dirt beside the tree.

"I'm all ready, captain," he announced, with a salute, after he had slung the rifle over his back.

"When you get the command, men," announced the captain, with the precision of a school-teacher drilling boys in arithmetic, "begin firing at will, aiming squarely at the top of the enemy's"—"pss-ss!" sang a Mauser through the captain's hat-top—"redoubt. Fire as fast as you can effectively. Don't shoot so fast that you waste ammunition."

With a side glance at Private Gray, who stood uncoiling the rope, the captain added the order. As the rifles dinmed out, and kept at it, the incessant racket became deafening. The captain had to bellow to make himself heard.

"All right, Gray! The niggers have their heads down. They can't see much now."

Saluting, the private glanced upward, measured the distance, then made a throw, sending the rope's end fairly over the lowest limb and down to the ground again. Seizing both lines in his grasp, Gray went up hand over hand, using his legs, too, to assist the operation. Without pause he reached the limb, drew himself upon it, and began to climb farther up into the tree, moving cautiously, that the green leaves might screen his movements from a possibly too observant enemy. Frequently, too, he halted to peer through the leaves at the enemy's redoubt. Not until he had gone eighty feet up from the ground did the sharpshooter find a place that wholly pleased him. Standing

on one branch, throwing his left arm around another, Gray partially sheltered his body behind the diminishing girth of the tree trunk, took a look at the enemy, balanced his rifle, and vented a grunt of satisfaction.

From his elevated perch he could make out the heads and some of the shoulders of the opposite Filipinos cowering behind their breastwork for shelter from the well-directed American fire. A moment later the bugle rang for "Cease firing," and things quickly became still in that part of the battle-field.

"I'm up here all right, sir," called down the voice of Gray.

"Got a good view?" came the query from the foot of the tree.

"Splendid, sir! I can see their heads."

"Located any of their sharpshooters yet?"

"Not yet, sir," drawled Gray. "Reckon they're ducking down with the rest. Hullo! There—"

Crack!

It was Gray's rifle that barked.

"That was one, sir," called the sharpshooter.

"Get him?"

"No, sir; missed, and he ducked down a second later. There he comes up again, rubber-necking like fury. Now!"

Crack!

"Got him, sir," reported Gray, striving to hide his exultation in his drawl.

Doubtless angered by their loss, the Filipinos started another furious fusillade, which lasted all of thirty seconds and drew a cordial reply from the American side.

"Got two more niggers that string, captain," reported Gray, slipping fresh cartridges into his rifle as the din let up. "One of 'em seemed to be an officer."

"Good place to pot 'em from?" called the captain, grimly.

"Great!" answered Private Gray, with enthusiasm. "I wouldn't swap chances with a three-inch field-piece."

"Try for officers and sharpshooters only, my man."

"All right, sir."

"And don't fire too often. I don't want the enemy to know where you are."

"Very good, sir."

After that Private Gray's rifle was heard only at intervals. To the two hundred or more privates lying along the ground it seemed odd that the Filipinos could help locating the American who was now sending sorrow and chagrin through their ranks. But at four hundred yards it is quite impossible to tell whether a shot comes from high or low unless the marksman carelessly exposes himself. And that was just what Gray was careful not to do. Himself and rifle shielded from sight by the leaves, smokeless powder gave no betraying puff.

Every little while the private chuckled at seeing some Filipino cautiously raise his head and try to discover the *American* who scored such inexplicable hits among an enemy so perfectly entrenched. As often as not Gray "got" the little brown rascal who was indiscreet enough to "rubber," and by this good luck added to the rage and mystification of the enemy.

"Our man up the tree has spoiled the sport of the rascals who threatened to leave this battalion without officers," nodded the captain, twenty minutes after.

"For which," grinned the lieutenant, who had a girl back in Manila, "I owe him a couple of escapes from guard duty and an extra day in town some time."

"Wonder how he came to think of such a scheme?" suggested the adjutant. "It takes a lot of grit, too, to bring along a heavy thing like that rope, with all the other things a soldier has to pack."

"Gray's a good man," pronounced the captain. "There aren't any better men in the regiment, if he is in the first year of service. He's a man full of schemes, and they're apt to be good ones, too."

Shut off from sight by the mass of leaves between himself and the ground, Sharpshooter Gray was safe from the risk of having his ruling scheme discovered when the officer looked aloft just then.

"Show me that there is something real in you. Prove to me that you are a man capable of pushing your way to the front. You speak of going into the army. Very well; write me that you have won a commission, and I'll come even to Manila to be your wife," murmured Gray, with a dreamy look in the eyes that were still watching the Filipinos. He repeated the words tenderly, yet with some of the sing-songness of a well-learned lesson. "That's just what she said, and she'll stick to it—nothing less!"

Still his keen eyes on the enemy, Gray released one hand from his rifle to fumble in the upper buttoned-over pocket of his *khaki* blouse. He drew out a narrow leather frame containing a photograph. Just then he saw something—like a flash rested the frame in a cleft of the tree, seized his rifle and fired.

"Captain," he shouted, "that shot knocked out the major—or whatever he is—that commanded the enemy opposite. Killed him, too, for two men are carrying the body like a log to the rear."

"Don't fire on the bearers, Gray."

"I'm not that kind of a man," came down the sharp answer. Gray picked up the photograph now, looking at it with eyes that grew tender and misty.

"This is queer kind of work to win you with, dear," he murmured. "It's tough that a fellow has to earn his sweetheart by bowling over women's!"

He glanced up for a moment. No; there were no Filipinos reckless enough to invite death at that instant. His eyes roved back to the picture. Those clear eyes seemed looking straight and calmly into his. The little oval face, with its dainty profile, and the little masses of fluffy brown hair clustering around the temples, would have made any man think her worth the winning. Those features, so precious to the man up the tree, had wreathed, at the photographic moment, into a smile that

was half pride and half tenderness—a smile that could become all tenderness for the fellow in whom that girl could feel glowing pride.

But Gray was too good a soldier, too steadfast of purpose, to divert his time for long from important work, even for such sweet digression. "Business!" he muttered. He exemplified it first by kissing the photograph twice, then putting it away and picking up his rifle.

"What if I should serve my term out and never get a show at a commission, as many a bright and capable fellow has done?" he thought. "But that isn't the way to talk! I've got to win a commission, and I'm going to—that's all there is about it!"

Ten minutes passed by and saw a couple more of the little brown enemy go down under his marksmanship. Had Gray been inclined to egotism he could have reflected that he had undoubtedly toppled over as many of Aguinaldo's pertinacious followers as the whole two companies below combined. But a big, honest fellow, who is humbly in love with such a girl as he loved, has parted company with conceit.

There was something brewing over in the Filipino trench. Gray could see some twenty of them bunching, with their heads so low as to be invisible to every American but himself.

"They're up to mischief," quoth the sharpshooter, glancing through his sights. "I'll spoil it."

While still taking elaborate aim, Gray saw that the rifles of the twenty were being pointed at a considerable elevation.

"Wonder if they've found me?" he cogitated. Crack! His bullet knocked one of the twenty into the bottom of the trench. Then there was a rattling, tearing sound, more exaggerated than the rending of a piece of cloth, yet very like it. Whoosh! A sheet of Mauser bullets cut the leaves all around Gray with such force and spite that he did not doubt he had been hit. Instead of looking to see, he slipped another cartridge into his rifle, sighted, fired—and missed.

"Steady, boy!" he exhorted himself. "Now—load, aim, fire." He got his man this time. An almost perfect volley came from the surviving eighteen. The little steel missiles fanned his face sharply with the breeze they carried with them.

"The niggers have you located, haven't they, Gray?" hailed the captain.

"Looks like it, sir."

"Shooting close to you?"

"Sounds like a pest of mosquitoes, captain."

By this time, by the exercise of cool, daring patience, the soldier had bowled over two more of his enemies. The Filipinos were becoming angered, as was evidenced by their rapid fire. The fall of leaves that floated down to the ground made one think of an autumn gale. With the leaves came the sharp clink! clink! of shells ejected from Gray's sizzling gun-barrel. It had become a duel to the death between one man and nearly a score, for not one of the Filipinos had yet exposed himself sufficiently to draw the fire of the waiting, impatient soldiers below.

Another sheet, and another, from slightly different directions, and Gray now realized that hundreds of the little brown rascals had joined in the work of "getting" him. Thousands of the little steel-jacketed destroyers hissed between the branches of the tree. Still the soldier loaded, aimed, and fired, always pausing to note his shot. So great was the din that he could just hear the captain's voice:

"Have they wounded you yet, Gray?"

"Nothing but a clip in the shoulder, sir. I can shoot just as well!"

"Come down, if you think it best."

"Never yet heard, sir, of a soldier running away because the enemy were shooting at him."

A rousing cheer from the men below greeted this declaration of the army's faith. Then a sergeant's steady voice was heard:

"That bunch between the two bamboo-trees. Aim! Fire!"

"What did that volley do, Gray?"—from the captain.

"Knocked over one man."

Standing below, peering up into the tree, inordinately proud of his man above, the captain heard the Mausers sharply soothed through the upper branches, while the down-coming leaves fell in a steady shower over him and his lieutenants. It was magnificent daring on the part of the man up the tree—but it seemed almost wicked to sacrifice such a man!

"Coming down, Gray?"

"Not yet, sir!" Crack!

Then Gray smiled grimly to himself as he muttered:

"The girl I'm doing this for despises a coward!"

Not for three consecutive seconds did the steady r-r-r-r-rip! r-r-r-rip! r-r-r-rip! of the volleys against that tree-top die out. It was one of battle's miracles that a man could stand for a second where Gray stood—and live.

"This is a——d outrage!" growled the captain to his adjutant. "He's got to come down." And opened his lips to give the order.

Ere the words could issue something happened up in the tree that made both officers feel the same sickly quiver. A body was plunging downward—head foremost at first, then struck against a branch, turned, and came feet-first; struck, and turned again.

"Steady! Steel your muscles!" growled the captain, and he and the adjutant squarely braced themselves. The rifle struck first, its butt thudding the ground a second before the officers caught the falling body with the splendid skill of athletes. With swift side-steps they bore the form to a little depression in the ground and laid it there.

Gray's face was white with suffering, but his lips steady as steel; his voice weak, but true.

"It's up to you, doc," he announced, as the surgeon bent over and began to hunt for injuries.

"A nick in the shoulder—four days in hospital," slowly enumerated the surgeon. "A clean hole through the thigh—

four weeks, perhaps. Broken arm—oh, a splendid physical bulk like you, Gray, will be back to duty in six or seven weeks."

The captain came over, squatted on the ground, took one of the wounded man's hands, and looked into the youngster's white face with the affection that a splendid old soldier is bound to feel for a splendid young one.

"Gray," said the captain, "the colonel asked me, yesterday, to recommend one of my men for promotion to a commission. When you come out of the hospital you'll go up for examination."

Not all the pain in the world could have kept out the radiant light that crept into the soldier's face as he returned the grip.

"Thank you, sir. You can't realize how much that means to me."

Then, to the correspondent who had wriggled near, Gray added:

"Mr. Murdock, can you do me a great favor—keep my name out of the list of wounded in the home papers? I've got a—there are folks at home who'd be worried if they knew I was hit."

The Shame of Uncle Sam.

MANILA CURSED BY HUNDREDS OF VILE DRAM-SHOPS, WHICH ARE SHAMING AMERICA AND DEBAUCHING THE TEMPERATE FILIPINOS.

Of all the problems that confront us in the reconstruction of the Philippines the gravest and wickedest is one of our own importation. The Manila saloons, taken collectively, are the worst possible kind of a blot on Uncle Sam's fair name. The city's air reeks with the odors of the worst of English liquors. And all this has come to pass since the 13th of August, 1898!

With the vanguard of American troops entering Manila rode the newly-appointed Philippine agent of a concern that had ship-loads of drink on the way. He secured offices, warehouses, options on desirable locations for saloons, and opened business. Some of the proudest and best youth of our land marched into Manila to proclaim the dawn of a new era of honesty, liberty, and light. It was a day of rare import to the down-trodden East. But the saloon-keeper sneaked in under the folds of Old Glory!

Almost by the time the American soldier had stacked arms in the city a score of American saloons were open. Swiftly other scores were added to them. The number grew and grew.

thousand Americans at present living in Manila. Nor does this mean that we have sent the worst dregs of Americanism there. Far from it; some of the best American blood is represented in Manila. There are men of brains and attainment there, who would nobly hold up our name, were it not for the saloon at every step. Gamblers and depraved women—in both classes the very dregs of this and other countries—have followed, and work hand in hand with their natural ally. These people are fast teaching the natives the depths of Caucasian wickedness, and the natives imagine it is Americanism.

Go into one of the "better-class" saloons along the Escolta. Here, seated at the tables, you will find American soldiers and their non-commissioned officers. They are ordering fast, and talking with the thick volubility of semi-intoxication. It does not take a new arrival many minutes to reach that stage. At other tables are American clerks, merchants, very likely, and rather seedy-looking speculators. At one or two of the tables you will find army and navy officers, with a sprinkling of the better-paid class of government civilian employees. At no table is the drinking slow. Peanut-women and flower-girls pass in and out, and frequently become the target for lewd salutes. Barefooted Filipino waiters dart about, bearing on trays the stuff that is quickening inebriation. All the time these little waiters are silently thinking on the visible traits of the American conqueror.

On the porch of the "Paris Restaurant," overlooking the river, are little groups in which the commissioned officers of the army and navy are conspicuous. Every now and then a reveler, in uniform or in civilian dress, breaks into hilarious song, or abuse, as the mood seizes him. Laughter or oaths follow, and the turbulence grows. Then the little Filipino waiter winks slyly, and says: "El Americano tiene mucho vino!" (The American has much wine.) A simple thing this may appear by itself, but if the average Filipino could be induced to frankly tell what impressed him as the greatest characteristic of the American, he would say that it was the American's fondness and capacity for liquor.

Over in Santa Cruz, under the very nose of the police-station of that district, are to be found some of the most degraded saloons, run by the natives themselves. Here hard liquors are much cheaper than in other places; they are correspondingly vile, for Manila has as yet no standard in the purity of liquors. Here the sort of stuff is sold that sets men's brains on fire twice as quickly as a better grade of liquor would. Here fights are not uncommon. In the pacific lulls women from near-by haunts pass by, peer in at the doors, and even stop long enough to bandy nasty talk with the saloon's patrons. It is a picture of degraded slum life.

Chairman Schurman, of the Philippine commission, voices his regret that the American saloon was ever permitted to make its advent in Manila. Well may he regret it, as may every other American, too, who has been in Manila during the past year. It is a great mistake to suppose that every officer, soldier, and sailor in the Philippines is drinking to excess, but some of them do, and the same is true of a great percentage of the civilians. The native is not discriminating, and attributes this vice to all Americans. If saloons were carefully and honestly restricted in number, and put under the rigid regulations that decency requires, this shame of Uncle Sam would quickly vanish. It is the glaring opportunity for drunkenness that does so much harm.

At the outbreak of the insurrection there were hundreds of American saloons in Manila. There not being at that time enough American civilians, so disposed, to take up all the licenses, natives were debauched into the traffic. Spaniards engaged in the business, perhaps with an ironic purpose of hastening the corruption of both American and Filipino.

To-day there is no thoroughfare of length in Manila that has not its long line of saloons. The street-cars carry flaunting advertisements of this brand of whiskey and that kind of gin. The local papers derive their main revenue from the displayed advertisements of firms and companies eager for their share of Manila's drink-money. The city presents to the new-comer a saturnalia of alcoholism.

For Manila's climate is one in which drink is peculiarly seductive and insidious. It is always oppressively hot there, and a glass of beer, fresh from the ice, seems to the hot, perspiring, and dusty like a draught of nectar. He who overworks in the slightest degree finds momentary stimulus in whiskey. There is relief—though dangerous relief—in alcohol, and so American Manila drinks, despite all the warnings of science that in plague-and-fever-infested tropical countries alcohol presents the shortest route to the grave.

The Filipinos of Manila are rather slow to take to drink. They have always heretofore been an abstemious people. Soda and tonics have furnished the bulk of their beverage that was not drawn from the hydrant. Yet slowly but surely the natives are veering around to the temptations to be found in the saloon. Five years more of the present saloon reign in Manila will see a sad demoralization of the natives. At present the non drinking majority of Filipinos feel only contempt for the Americans whom they see lurchingly walking the streets or crouching in silly semi-stupor in the cabs on their way to office, home, or barracks.

I do not mean this as a tirade against all saloons. It is only a much-needed protest against the worst features of the American saloon that have crept into Manila arm in arm with our boasted progress. There is nowhere in the world such an excessive amount of drinking, per capita, as among the few

a sweet little gathering, the model for the central figure of which is said to have been Mr. Brush's wife. Near by are hung portraits by Mrs. Merrit, Mr. G. Albert Thompson, Mr. William M. Chase, and many others. Jessie Willcox Smith has a painting full of all the innocence of childhood and the tender solicitude of motherhood in the exhibit. The figures are those of a little one kneeling at a woman's knees. It is called "Prayer." Among the dozens of others noteworthy are "Sunlight and Shadow," by Elizabeth Roberts; "Maternity," by Elizabeth Nourse, and "The Bathers," by F. H. Richardson.

THAN V. RANCK.

The Rescue of Gillmore.

THE THRILLING AND EVENTFUL STORY OF LIEUTENANT GILLMORE AND HIS MEN—PRISONERS FOR EIGHT MONTHS IN THE HANDS OF THE FILIPINOS.

In all the history of our war in the Philippines, when it shall be written, there will be no chapter of such thrilling and romantic interest as that relating the experiences of Lieutenant C. C. Gillmore and his comrades during their eight months of captivity among the Filipinos.

It was in April, 1899, that the news came to the States of the capture of Lieutenant Gillmore and his men. The disaster happened near Baler, on the east coast of Luzon. The lieutenant and a body of soldiers and marines were scouting near Baler, when they were surprised by a greatly superior force of insurgents and all either killed or captured. For some time the country was kept in a state of anxiety as to the actual fate of the Americans, but it was finally learned that Lieutenant Gillmore and thirteen of his men were made prisoners, while more than thirty other soldiers and marines were shot down while resisting the enemy.

From time to time after that date intelligence reached the American lines of the location of the captives, and strenuous efforts were made by General Otis to effect their release or their rescue. All these efforts, however, proved unavailing, and as the weeks and months dragged on it seemed doubtful whether they would ever be seen alive again.

The last intelligence concerning the captives to reach the outside world before their rescue was brought by a young American soldier, Albert Sonnichsen, himself a prisoner, who escaped



ALBERT SONNICHSEN, WHO BROUGHT THE NEWS THAT GILLMORE WAS SAFE.

from the Filipinos and came to Vigan, in the province of Ilocos Sur, where he was found on November 29th by a force of marines from the Oregon. He brought the welcome news that when he left the lieutenant and his comrades, on the 17th of November, they were still alive and comparatively well. The list of prisoners was as follows: Lieutenant J. Gillmore, W. Walton, P. Vandoit, E. Ellsworth, T. Briseole, L. Edwards, J. Anderson, A. Petersen, H. Huber, W. Bruce, E. Honeyman, A. Bishop, J. O'Brien. L. Edwards and W. Bruce escaped before Lieutenant Gillmore did. After the breaking up of Aguinaldo's alleged government, the dispersion of his forces, and the flight of the insurgent leader himself, a renewed and more energetic attempt was made by the American authorities to reach and save the imprisoned men. A column of infantry under Colonel Hare and Lieutenant-Colonel Howze, a picked force of 140 men, pursued the Filipinos having the Americans in charge hotly from point to point in the mountain fastnesses of eastern Luzon, and finally pressed them so closely that on December 16th the captives were abandoned near the head waters of the Abalut River and left to their fate without food or shelter and without arms to protect themselves from the savages lurking in the vicinity.

Here they were found two days later, December 18th, by Colonel Hare, weak from hunger and exposure, and in imminent peril of massacre by the natives. They were trying to build rafts to float down the river, and had gathered cobblestones to resist assault as best they might, but were reduced to the depths of despair when their rescuers arrived. The scene when their gallant comrades-in-arms rushed forward to give them hail and welcome back again under the starry flag was indescribably thrilling and dramatic. It is this scene which our artist, Mr. Peters, who was himself a captive among the Filipinos for several days last year, has chosen as the subject of his graphic pen. Ragged, barefoot, emaciated, and blackened by long exposure under a trying climate, they were, indeed, a pitiable spectacle.

So far as my observation went, I found that the military authorities of Manila were not on record as having done anything to abate this crying disgrace. Indeed, one American officer, fairly high in the councils at the palace, is the putative head of the concern that is doing the most to encourage and supply the thirst of Manila.

We tried to civilize the Indian, and incidentally wiped him off the earth by permitting disreputable white traders to supply him with ardent liquors. Are we to repeat this disgrace, ten-fold, as we at present seem fair to do, in the Philippines?

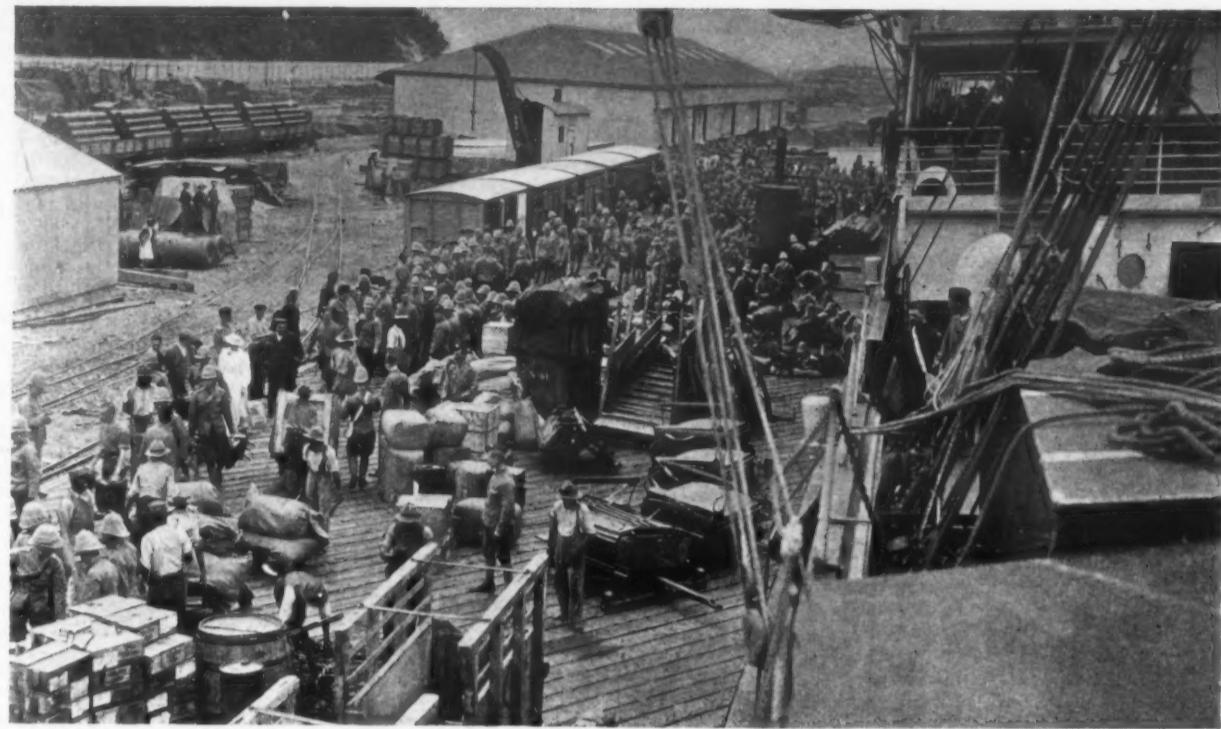
H IRVING HANCOCK.

Philadelphia's Notable Art Exhibit.

PHILADELPHIA, PENN., January 13th, 1900.—Perhaps the most important art exhibit of the year in the United States was opened to private view at the Academy of Fine Arts here this evening, at its sixty-ninth annual exhibition. It includes 505 paintings, 193 water-colors, and 43 pieces of sculpture. Only one-fifth of the canvases are by local artists.

It is remarkable that with one or two exceptions there are no paintings here above easel size. One of these exceptions is a work upon the strain of Nero's time, giving an amphitheatre scene, in which the artist, Mr. Frederick Mellville Dumond, with almost the accuracy of a photograph and the knowledge of the naturalist, presents a most remarkable combat between elephants and tigers.

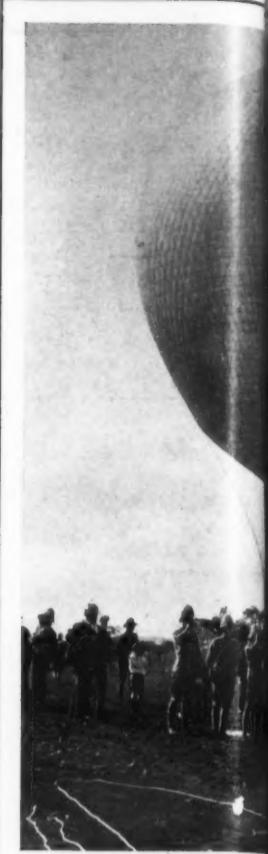
The portrait is distinctly the dominant feature of the year's production. The ablest painters in the land are represented. The central place is held by Cecilia Beaux, one of the foremost women artists in the world. It was her portrait, "Mother and Daughter," a likeness of Mrs. and Miss Griscom, which took first prize at the Carnegie exhibit in Pittsburgh. This portrait is here, as well as two others by Miss Beaux. Not a great distance from Miss Beaux's paintings are several of Mr. Sargent's canvases. One of them is a really remarkable presentation of the late Senator Calvin Brice. A portrait which is most pleasing is by George De Forest Brush. It portrays a family group,



ENGLAND RUSHING SUPPLIES TO THE FRONT—TROOPERS AND STORES LANDING AT EAST LONDON, NATAL, FOR GENERAL GATACRE'S COLUMN.
Photographed for "Leslie's Weekly" by Horace W. Nicholls.



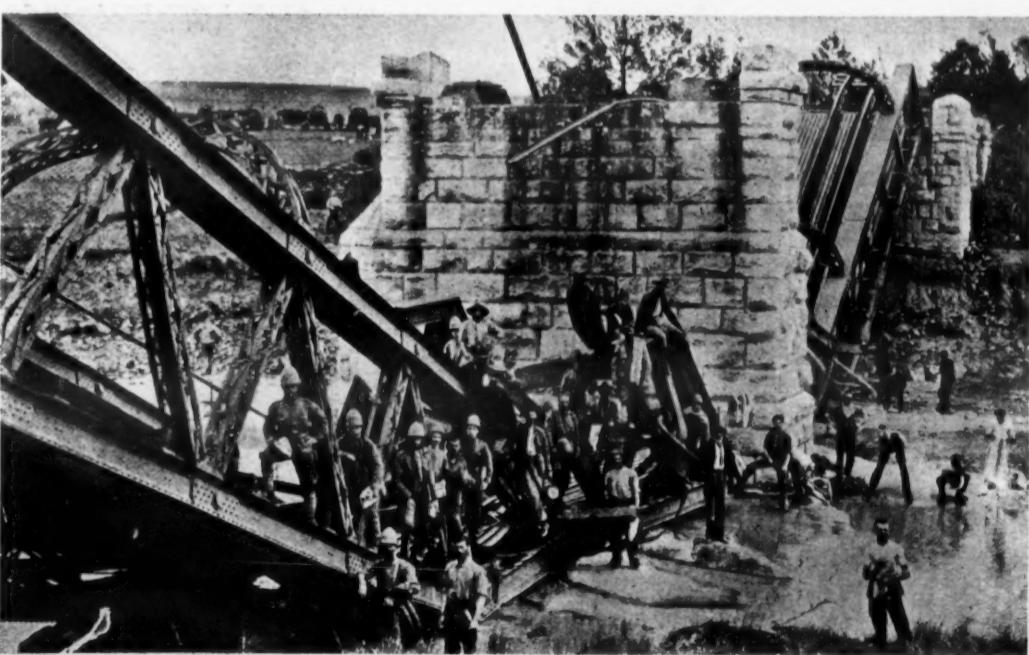
ARRIVAL OF GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER AT DURBAN, ON HIS WAY TO THE FRONT.



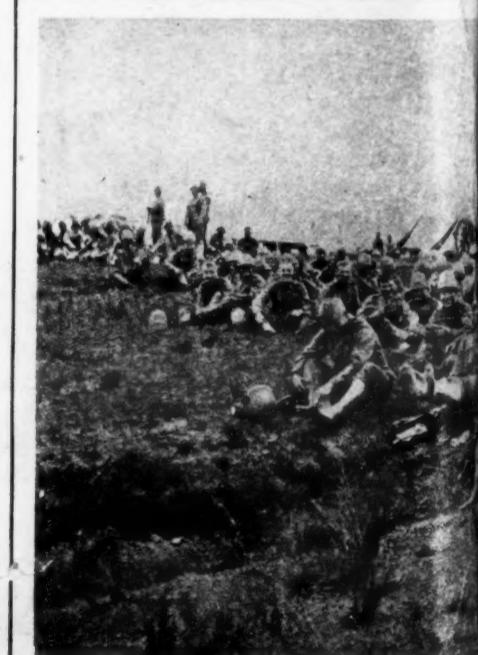
THE ENGLISH BESIEGED AT DURBAN UP A



THE SHOPS AT JOHANNESBURG TO PREVENT



THE FRERE RAILWAY BRIDGE WRECKED BY THE BOERS, ABOUT THIRTY MILES SOUTH OF LADYSMITH.

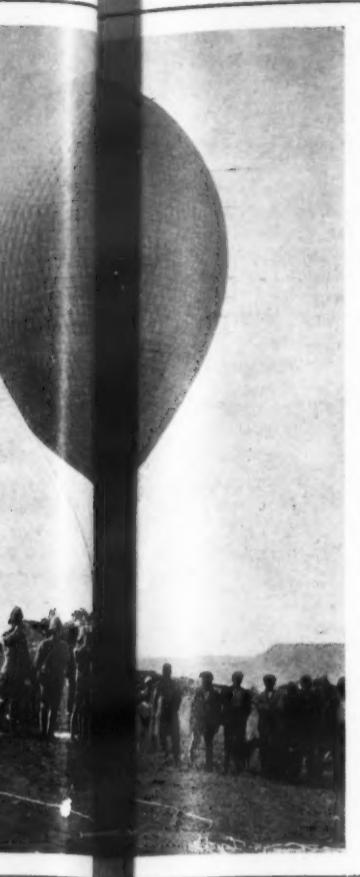


FOOTSORE ENGLISH SOLDIERS HAVING

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA

PHOTOGRAPHS WHICH ILLUSTRATE THE DIFFICULT CHARACTER OF THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE

BOERS



ESIEGED AT DURBAN, PREPARED TO SET UP A RECONNOITRING



JOHANNESBURG, PREPARED TO PREVENT BOER LOOTING.



THE WOUNDED BOER COMMANDANT, PRETORIUS BEING CARRIED, A PRISONER, ON BOARD THE "PATIALA," BY ENGLISH SAILORS, AT DURBAN.
Photographed for "Leslie's Weekly" by Horace W. Nicholls.



BS HAVING A DAILY INSPECTION BY THEIR OFFICERS.



DIFFICULTIES OF THE ENGLISH CAMPAIGN IN SOUTH AFRICA—CLIMBING A HILL WITH A MAXIM GUN AT PIETERMARITZBURG.

RICAN CHAMPIONSHIP IS APPROACHING A CRISIS.

INST THE PUBLICS THAT THE BRITISH HAVE UNDERTAKEN.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS MADE ESPECIALLY FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."

CHINA, THE KLONDIKE OF THE WORLD.

FABULOUS RICHES IN THE MAGNIFICENT EMPIRE OF THE ORIENT, TO WHICH THE UNITED STATES HAS THE STRONGEST CLAIM—NEW REVELATIONS OF A REMARKABLE LAND.

THE world's greatest Klondike is discovered! Senator Bevridge, in his masterful speech before the Senate, declared that China's trade is the mightiest commercial fact of the future. Its riches lie waiting for us. The greatest country on earth lies open to our invasion and invites us to its conquest. Not a conquest of its territory with serried regiment and thundering troop, but a bloodless invasion of its valleys by armies with picks and shovels. Not a usurpation of its sovereignty, but a peaceable domination of its markets. Competing Powers have long been fighting for markets for their surplus products. They have been active colonizers, and have claimed sovereignty over vast tracts for the sole purpose of preserving those markets for themselves without competition.

Americans, however, have seemed confident that in some mysterious or providential way, which we neither understood nor attempted to explain, the markets of the world were to be preserved for us without effort on our part, but we are now forced to recognize the fact that, so far as it can be done by legislation and discriminating tariffs, the markets of Europe are to be closed to us. We must, therefore, seek other markets not dominated by the competing Powers of Europe, or else face such an era of industrial stagnation and ruin as we have never yet known. Where are they to be found? South America is but sparsely populated, and we must await its slow growth. Africa, a tropical country, inhabited by savages whose wants are few, while every point of vantage is already held by some competing Power. India, with its immense population of 280,000,000, would be an attractive market, but it lies in the torrid zone and is already taken. Where shall we look but to China?

With a population approximating 400,000,000, in a temperate climate, it possesses the greatest latent power of consumption of any nation on earth. A country only one-ninth larger than our own in area, but with a population six times greater, has potentialities in this line which figures and comparisons are powerless to express. China boasts the oldest civilization on the globe—a race wonderful for its virility and homogeneity. Life and property are respected and protected. Land values are high, and

of transportation which cuts so many of China's richest provinces out of the markets of the world.

The great empire of China must be supplied with adequate means of transportation, and that means the building of the greatest system of railroads the world has yet seen. Our country, with its population of 70,000,000, supports 186,000 miles of railroad, or an average of twenty-six miles of railroad for each 10,000 of our population. The same ratio applied to China would call for over 1,000,000 miles of railroad. It therefore requires no stretch of the imagination to see that China, with her 400,000,000 of people, can and will support 500,000 miles of railroad. It has taken us the best part of a hundred years to build up our present railroad system, and to-day the entire product of our iron and steel mills is sold for a year or two ahead. Should we begin now to build for China the railroads which she needs, and which her trade and population will support, it means a market for the entire product of our iron and steel mills, our car-shops, and our locomotive-works for two hundred years to come. Nor is this all, for China, like all old countries where large populations have existed for centuries, is a treeless country. Her forests have long since disappeared. The building of Chinese railroads, then, means a market for all the ties, pilings, and bridge timbers that our Gulf or Pacific coast States can produce. To carry these immense supplies, fleets will be needed on the Pacific where now single vessels ply, and under its impetus our ship-building interests will flourish and we shall regain the carrying trade of the world.

Over \$12,000,000,000 dollars have been spent in building our railroad system, and China will spend \$25,000,000,000 in building hers. The building of this gigantic system of railroads by rights belongs to us. It belongs to us because we are the nearest. No other civilized nation can deliver the material in China so cheaply as we can. It belongs to us because we have the best in railroad materials and supplies. It belongs to us because we can build it cheaper and deliver the stock faster than any other nation on earth. It belongs to us because our engineers have had the largest and best experience. China has this great work to let, and the only question is, who shall get it. Should this great contract be awarded honestly to the lowest and best bidder, there can be no doubt but that the work will come to us, and this is our interest in China.

Large as these figures appear, they fail completely in expressing the future of this great empire. One hundred years ago India had a population of but 100,000,000. The introduction of modern sanitation and medical treatment, together with the improvement of transportation, has so far counteracted the effects of famine and pestilence as to enable that country to treble its population during the last century. These have yet to be introduced into China. Her cities are without sewers. Her millions drink from tainted wells. Disinfection and quarantine are unknown. Only the wonderful vitality of this people has preserved it.

For the purposes of this article I have used the conservative figures of 400,000,000 as representing China's population, but 500,000,000 or 600,000,000 is probably nearer correct, for in 1792, over 100 years ago, its population was known to be 307,000,000, and twenty years later, or in 1812, it had grown to 360,000,000. Large families have ever been the rule, and how this fecund race will multiply when the famines and epidemics that have checked its growth are stayed! Another hundred years will see it doubled again, and who will attempt to estimate the needs and wants of a billion people a hundred years from now?

The ports of China are the nearest outlet for two-thirds of Asia, and when we have built her railroads we shall control the commerce of the greatest continent of the earth. Even then our work will only be begun, for we shall then have to do for Thibet and Turkestan what we shall have done for China. To describe the possibilities of the Chinese market is impossible, for adequate statements must be made in figures that simply baffle the imagination and smother the understanding. The Chinese use more mutton than any other kind of meat, yet with the millions of sheep that they raise the use of wool is scarcely known. While among the better classes quantities of silks and furs are worn, still the great mass of people wear nothing but cotton both summer and winter, and all their native clothes are woven on primitive hand-looms. Our total exports of manufactured cotton last year amounted to only \$23,000,000. Of this amount China took almost \$10,000,000, and this was taken in at three ports and absorbed by a surrounding population of less than ten millions, whose wants were not half supplied.

Ten years of railroad-building ought to bring at least half of China's population within reach of our cotton goods, and that, without any increase in the per-capita use (only one dollar) of our cotton, would amount to \$200,000,000, or more than the total surplus of cotton now raised by us for export. China lies largely in a zone of severe winters, and while it has the greatest deposits of coal, the Chinese have never yet solved the problem of building heating-stoves. The introduction of cheap American heaters into 50,000,000 Chinese homes is one of the possibilities which lie before our manufacturers.

The Chinese are a nation living in brick houses in a land without a brick-making machine. Thousands of walled cities, millions of homes, all built of brick, and every brick made by hand. These bricks are made by labor costing but ten cents per day, still they cost more than our machine-brick made with labor costing twenty-five times as much. Brick made by American machines with Chinese labor will command the market.

China has long used large quantities of our petroleum. It needs our medicines, chemicals, and disinfectants. It needs water-works and sewers. It needs telegraphs, telephones, and electric lights. When the sun sets night closes over that land, and its millions seek their beds in darkness. It needs electric railways. Cities with populations in the hundred thousands, lying but a few miles apart, are without any means of communication. Two cities only twelve miles apart, one with a population of 1,500,000, the other of 200,000, the smaller city being the port of the larger, are still unconnected. American watches, clocks, and sewing-machines are finding a ready sale, and American spirits, wines, and beers are taken in quantities. The Chinese are the Teutons of the Orient, as the Japanese are its Gauls, and when they become beer-drinkers, as they will, think of the supply necessary to satisfy 400,000,000 thirsty throats. China needs our farm machinery, threshing-machines, and separators. All the grain used in that country is rolled out on threshing-floors and winnowed by hand-fans or the vagrant winds.

Twenty years ago the trade of Japan was confined to a few ports, as is China's to-day. Her trade then amounted to only \$30,000,000 per annum, or about one dollar per capita. China's trade now is scarcely fifty cents per capita. Last year Japan's trade was about \$250,000,000, an increase of over 800 per cent. in twenty years, and her per-capita rate has grown to over six dollars. China has a greater individual trade capacity than has Japan, and twenty or twenty-five years ought to see it developed at least as much as Japan's to-day. This would mean an annual trade of from \$2,500,000,000 to \$3,000,000,000, or fifty per cent. more than the amount of our total foreign trade to-day.

This great trade is in our hands unless we lose it by our own foolishness. Delay action until competing Powers have partitioned the empire, or until they claim and hold such spheres of influence that China is no longer free to act, and it is lost. We must not, we dare not, longer delay. The open door is not enough. There can be no freedom of action, no equality of opportunity, when the collection of revenue, the control of the ports, the administration of law, the distribution of concessions, and the capital of the empire itself are in the hands of an alien competing Power. We must demand the integrity of the Chinese Empire. Nothing less will save its market for us. Let it go forth that any attempt by any Power to gain exclusive control or a dominating influence over any port or province of China will be regarded by the United States as an unfriendly act.

Then let us join Great Britain and Japan in guaranteeing to China her territorial integrity, and the future will be sure. Sure! Because China has ever regarded the United States as her best friend, and after such a demonstration of our friendship, sentiment and gratitude would stimulate China's self-interest to give Americans an opportunity equal to others in her markets. That is all we want, for with that given, American pluck and enterprise will do the rest. There is another reason for our interest in China. A reason which demands the most thoughtful consideration of the American laboring man. China has the largest supply of cheap labor in the world. Every mile of railroad built in that country will introduce more of that labor and its products into the markets of the world. Can we permit this enormous supply of cheap labor to be introduced into the markets of the world by a competing Power, and allow it to become part of an industrial system antagonistic to our own? Does not our own self-protection demand that we shall control its introduction into the markets of the world ourselves; that under our direction it may be led and diverted into lines that shall compete the least with our own interests; and that under our leadership the great black-haired race, which built a Great Wall and a Grand Canal, may accomplish still greater works and wonders?

Our first great transcontinental railroad was made possible by the aid of Chinese labor, and we shall yet call upon them to furnish the strength and endurance necessary to build the Nicaragua Canal. By their aid its cost shall be reduced one-third and its accomplishment be made easy. China is our world-opportunity; the surety of our future prosperity. American brains and Chinese labor working together shall yet accomplish all those vast enterprises that now exist only in the imagination of so-called visionary men. There is a tide in the affairs of nations, as there is in the affairs of men, that must be taken at its flood, and herein lies our interest in China, that, by seizing our opportunity there now, we may succeed in the commercial conquest of the world.

GUY M. WALKER.

For Amateur Photographers.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the United States to offer prizes for the best work of amateur photographers. Many of our readers have asked us to open a similar contest, and we therefore offer a prize of five dollars for the best amateur photograph received by us in each weekly contest, the competition to be based on the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. Preference will be given to unique and original work and for that which bears a special relation to news events of current interest. We invite all amateurs to enter the contest. Photographs may be mounted or unmounted, and will be returned if stamps are sent for this purpose with a request for the return. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize-winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed, and one dollar will be paid for each photograph that may be used. No copyrighted photographs will be received.



THE ANTIQUE CART THAT TAKES THE PLACE OF A RAILROAD COACH FOR PASSENGER TRAFFIC IN CHINA.

The Drama in New York.

MUCH of the praise so gladly bestowed on "The Old Homestead" can be accorded "The Village Postmaster," played at the Fourteenth Street Theatre for 150 nights. Crowds have taken delight in the portrayal of rustic virtue and humor at the performances. The revival is staged elaborately, and the production is like a new piece. From the opening on Christmas day to the present there has been a great demand for seats. Those who write such plays and those who are concerned in their production are to be commended for their efforts and thanked for the good they are doing. If there were more of such dramas and less of French adaptations the churches would be fuller on Sundays, the world would be better, and there would be more sunshine in life. The threshing-machine, the horse, the squealing pig, the farm-yard, the country store, the rain-storm of real water, and the little church, not forgetting the minister's donation party, at which there is no end of fun, and the magnificent double quartette, composed of male and female church-choir voices, are strikingly interesting features. It was "The Village Postmaster" that created such a stir among metropolitan theatre-goers a year ago. It delighted large audiences then with its clean comedy, and its realistic and convincing depiction of rural New England life as it was lived in New England during the administration of President Pierce. Realism is the key-note of the play. The 350th performance was celebrated by the distribution of beautiful hand-painted china tea-pots to all ladies in the audience.

Manager Rosenquest has arranged for the presentation of the play in other cities, consequently the New York engagement will end on January 27th. Archie Boyd as *Seth Huggins*, "The Village Postmaster," whose skill as a character actor is widely recognized, is ably supported by H. L. Keane, Frank Lyman, James H. Bradbury, Tom Maguire, Richard Nesmith, George R. Sprague, John F. Brown, Robert Sinclair, Louis W. Pritzkow, Edith Barker, Charlotte Deane, Meta Maynard, Grace Griswold, Kate Benetka, Annie Buckley, Blanche Weaver, Angela Marcel, Louise Skillman, the four Beasy sisters, the members of the Bridgewater Brass Band, and the village church choir.



GERTRUDE QUINLAN, A FAVORITE SINGER.

Gertrude Quinlan is a Boston girl who five years ago was admitted to the chorus of the Castle Square Opera Company, when it was located at the Castle Square Theatre in Boston. For two years she acted as understudy to the various principals, but eventually her quick study, her intelligence and pronounced dramatic instinct, secured promotion, until today she is one of the established favorites of the company, both at the American Theatre, New York, and at the Studebaker in Chicago. Her distinct successes have been scored as *Jenney* in "The Tarantella," *Musetta* in "La Bohème," *Iolanthe* in "Iolanthe," *Bronislava* in "The Beggar Student," the king in "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," *Serpentine* in "Chimes of Normandy," and *Adele* in "Die Fledermaus." In addition to her operatic hits Miss Quinlan scored a triumph as *Jennie Buckthorne* in "Shenandoah," and as *Hetty* in "The Red, White and Blue," in which part she was seen last season.

Mrs. Langtry is still in vogue, and for obvious reasons. This fact was attested by the crowd that welcomed her return to us amid the exceedingly comfortable surroundings of the Garden Theatre, and the uncomfortably suggestive play of "The Degenerates." Mrs. Langtry is a trifle withered by age as to face, but not as to form, and her smile is as winsome and her manner as graceful and charming as ever. The character of *Mrs. Trevelyan*—the leading one—which Mrs. Langtry plays, is neither sweet nor wholesome. It is not that of an innocent woman, nor that of one who is so irredeemably lost that she possesses no remaining marks of honorable impulse. Mrs. Langtry ought to play this part well, the cynical critics say, and she really does, though her support, excepting that of Lucie Milner, George Grossmith, Jr., and Frederick Kerr, is not up to the highest standard. Mrs. Langtry's costumes are revelations from the Parisian studio of Worth, and every one expects that these, as well as the personality of Mrs. Langtry, will make her engagement a success, regardless of the fact that "The Degenerates" is not as strong as it was expected to be.

Four plays at least in New York, on their merits, are entitled to the long runs which they have had, and to still longer runs which they deserve. First of these, perhaps, comes "The Little Minister" at the Criterion, in which Maude Adams is attracting audiences as large and enthusiastic as she had on the occasion of her first phenomenal engagement. The others are "Ben-Hur" at the Broadway, William Gillette as *Sherlock Holmes* at the Garrick, and Miss Spong and Mr. Hilliard in "Wheels Within Wheels" at the Madison Square. These four plays represent vastly different fields of histrionic effort, and one who sees them all will feel satisfied that he has seen the best.

The Castle Square Opera Company is to be congratulated on its enterprise in securing for the American Theatre the latest and best work of the eminent composer Niccola Spinelli, entitled "At the Lower Harbour." Four years ago this grand opera, on its first production in Germany, won an immediate triumph, and Spinelli was placed in the front rank among Italian composers. The bill at the American Theatre includes "At the Lower Harbour" and "The Magic Melody," both in English and both produced with an admirable array of talent.

Klaw & Erlanger are having a remarkable run of luck this season. Every production and every theatre in which they are

interested is a big money-winner. In New York, "Ben-Hur" at the Broadway, and "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp"—in which Jerome Sykes and Edna Wallace Hopper are the joint stars, at the Victoria—are establishing new records, and in Boston, "The Rogers Brothers in Wall Street" at the Boston Museum is playing to its full capacity.

JASON.

Adapted to all Classes.

LIFE insurance in this day and generation has ceased to be a luxury, created only for the wealthy; it has become a necessity in all civilized countries and among all classes of people.

The demands of the hour have enlisted in its cause some of the brightest intellects of the age, and these have been turned to a practical account in the endeavor to provide life insurance adapted to the wants and within the means of all.

The time has long since passed in large communities when small amounts of money can be profitably invested in the usual channels of trade. The corporation and the stock company have gradually taken the place of the small manufacturer and dealer, and business is now conducted on such a scale as to make large capital indispensable to the proper and profitable conduct of the venture. Speculation is hazardous at all times, and particularly so to the man who is not fully conversant with the details of a business, which at best is demoralizing and uncertain.

The question naturally arises: Where can small amounts of money be invested so that a reasonable return can be expected with absolute security of the principal? This want was realized by life insurance companies many years ago. The business, as then conducted, consisted of what might properly be called "Death Insurance," for it was necessary that the premiums be paid as long as the policy remained in force, death alone necessitating a settlement of the policy.

Being fully alive to the evident want on the part of the public of some avenue for small investments, The Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New York, has been a prominent leader in placing upon the market, contracts which would combine life insurance with investment in such a way that it would prove a valuable method by which those in moderate circumstances could provide for the future of themselves and those dependent upon them. This principle of protection is essential to the future welfare of every man, be he mechanic, tradesman or capitalist. The obligation is equally binding upon all, for the wealthy man of to-day is often the poor man of to-morrow; but an estate founded upon a policy of insurance in The Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New York, is an asset that cannot shrink in value, but, on the contrary, becomes more valuable the longer the policy is in force.

This grand old company stands to-day the largest and strongest financial institution of its kind on the face of the earth.

Hints for the Life-insured.

NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable.

It is apparent that an effort will be made at this session of Congress to repeal or reduce some of the internal-revenue taxes levied as a war measure. A tax that certainly should be repealed first of all is the stamp tax on life-insurance policies. This should be done more especially because of the recent decision of the Federal authorities that the tax applies to policies in mutual life-insurance organizations. The government's tax is only one more burden laid upon the backs of the patient and self-denying policy-holders. Life insurance, especially in mutual companies, is a sort of trusteeship or guardianship affair, and not merely a money-making business. In the passage of an emergency war measure, this fact was possibly lost sight of. Nevertheless, it is a fact, and the duty of the government is obvious. The repeal of this tax should be hastened.

"Reader," Leavenworth, Kas.: It is a good policy.

"Veteran," Helena, Mont.: The agent has misinformed you. No policy issued by any reputable company will honestly yield such results.

"S.," New Bedford, Mass.: The Manhattan Life is an old-line company and not an assessment concern. Its total receipts last year were over \$2,500,000, and it paid to its policy-holders more than a million and a half. Its report shows that it is in good condition.

"Worker," Hartford, Conn.: The American Benefit Society has voted to reimburse the Boston Mutual Life, though a number of its members have dissented. I would drop my policy and take one in a good, conservative, reliable, old-fashioned company, like the Mutual Life, the Equitable, or the New York Life.

"Mother," Memphis, Tenn.: The policy on your son's life should be paid within the period fixed by its terms. If you will read it you will see that this is a part of the contract. If not paid within that time, you will have ample reason for bringing suit. But it would be a waste of money to begin suit until the stipulated period has expired.

"S.," Milwaukee, Wis.: The Union Casualty and Surety Company of St. Louis is a small stock company which reported at the close of last year a surplus beyond capital and other liabilities of a little over \$70,000. It does an accident, steam-boiler, plate-glass, and employers' liability business, and had an income last year of about \$846,000.

"G.," Pittsburgh, Pa.: It is difficult to tell which is the most advantageous policy, unless one's circumstances are thoroughly understood. Many men who are unable to save anything, no matter how much they may earn, take out investment insurance and utilize it as a substitute for a savings bank. Others, who wish simply to provide for their immediate family in case of death, take out straight life-insurance of the cheapest form. The cost of a thousand-dollar policy at your age is about the same in all the great reliable companies. Any agent would be glad to give it to you.

The Hermit.

Tips for Money-makers.

NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests.

IN spite of the recent exposé of the scandalous Miller syndicate in Brooklyn, which cheated a lot of credulous people out of a million dollars by pretending to give, and really giving to a few at the start, ten per cent. interest per month on their "investments" the financial columns of the great dailies are still full of enticing offers to investors, made by all sorts of concerns, most of them conspicuous by their proximity to Wall Street, and all the more dangerous because thereof.

The eagerness for tips in this speculative era does not abate, and the swindling operator has only to dangle the bait of a big

profit before the public to induce the latter to shed their pocket-books and all their belongings. When will the public understand that reputable, well-established brokers never condescend to such disreputable gambling methods in order to attract custom? When will my readers comprehend the fact that the man or firm offering extraordinary inducements and unreasonable rates of interest or profits may be set down at once as a suspicious person, from whom one cannot escape too quickly?

Toronto, Can.: Cannot advise. (2) I think so. (3) Prefer New York Central to Pennsylvania.

"Loser," Milwaukee: This will be a bear year. (2) For investment, buy New York Central; for speculation, Linseed Oil common.

"Beginner," Harrisburg, Pa.: I do not regard the bonds of the American Hide & Leather Co. by any means as "a gilt-edged investment."

"Trustee," Buffalo, N. Y.: You are right. Some of the industrial stocks offer very large returns at present prices, and a better field for speculation than will be found in railway securities.

"Wage Earner," Newark, N. J.: The stock you refer to is a Chicago industrial not dealt in on Wall Street. I look upon it as a fair investment, though I think the company is pretty heavily capitalized.

"T.," Cleveland, O.: I would not sell my Southern Pacific. You will make a profit by holding, unless the reports of the road's earnings, which are now phenomenally large, show a very decided falling off. I am told that the syndicate which recently purchased the enormous holdings of Mrs. Stanford in Southern Pacific paid her forty dollars a share for it.

"H.," Marinette, Wis.: I cannot answer your question as fully as I would like to, as the people engaged in the enterprise are naturally reluctant to make the facts public. The condition of the money market and the fact that the market is overloaded with industrials would be prejudicial to such a consolidation as you speak of. If it were affected, I doubt if the securities could be floated.

"G.," Pittsburgh, Pa.: Pacific Mail ought to sell at a price at which you can get out with a little profit before the session of Congress closes. The Subsidy Bill is now before that body, and even though it does not pass, its discussion will help the stock. Do not wait for too much of a profit. The report of the company shows it is doing a profitable business, and an improvement in some respects over last year.

"E.," Dayton, O.: People's Gas is an excellent investment, paying six per cent., but is not as gilt-edged as a railroad bond because of the constant fear of legislative interference, which threatens all municipal corporations, especially in the West. (2) American Tobacco common pays six per cent. and earns a great deal more than that. It is a high-class "speculative investment," if I might use the term. (3) On reac-tions, both may sell below par, and at such times both are regarded as good purchases.

"Widow," Plainfield, N. J.: I do not believe in the co-operative loan enterprises regarding which you write. It sounds very well to offer to sell you stock at a dollar a share on condition that you pay a membership fee every month of twenty-five cents, and to offer you a fine return at the end of ten years. But who, meanwhile, is to safeguard your interests? Suppose, as frequently happens, that some scheming speculator gets control of the association, and before the ten years expires cleans out the treasury? Would not a savings bank be much more profitable in the end?

"Banker," Boston: There is no doubt that Messrs. Vanderbilt, Morgan, Cassatt, and others, are endeavoring to form a combination of great competing railroad interests for purposes of self-protection. Such a combination would make it easy to maintain rates and avoid the disastrous competition which comes when business slackens. The fact that the attorney-general has refused to interfere to prevent the railroads from bettering themselves by changing their freight classification is favorable to this movement of the great capitalists, who wisely, in time of prosperity, are providing against the day of adversity.

"Westerner," Chicago: A strenuous effort is being made by great capitalists in and out of New York to prevent further disastrous liquidation of stocks. But there are signs that heavy loads are being carried by some big operators in Philadelphia and it is possible that the experience of Boston and Baltimore will have to be had in the Quaker City also, and maybe in Chicago, before the liquidation will have been thoroughly exhausted. Bargain days in stocks will then be at hand again. (2) Unless money becomes easier and cheaper, I look for a decline in the price of the bonds, which have been put on an extravagantly high basis, considering the interest they pay. (3) The depression in wheat gives the bears an opportunity to attack the grangiers.

"Banker," Chicago: The best explanation I have heard of the reason why money appears to have been scarcer in the Eastern than the Western cities of late is that made by ex-Secretary of the Treasury Fairchild, in a recent speech, in which he said that the recent industrial combinations effected by New York promoters made New York the financial disbursing centre for a large number of manufacturing concerns in different sections of the country, who formerly did their banking business where they were located. (2) The prices of railroad bonds, as well as of many of the preferred stocks, look to me to be too high, in view of the rates which money commands in the open market, and also in view of the probability that England will shortly be seeking a national loan of not less than \$200,000,000. With the decline of our industrial prosperity, many believe that we will also be in the loan market, and the competition of government bonds with railroad bonds is always prejudicial to the interests of the latter.

JASPER.

Have You Eaten Too Much?

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

IF your dinner distresses you, a few drops in half a glass of water gives quick relief.

An Enormous Industry.

OUR enormous facilities, tremendous output, rapid movement of goods always fresh in the hands of consumers, insures the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk the first place in American homes.

More Coffee Facts.

STUDY THE QUESTION YOURSELF.

"WHEN the doctor said 'no more coffee,' I was dismayed, for as an ardent lover of coffee and a crank in the matter of its preparation, I had grown to believe that life was not worth living without it, but the dull stupidity and the almost daily headache so interfered with my profession (literature) that I was compelled to seek the doctor's advice.

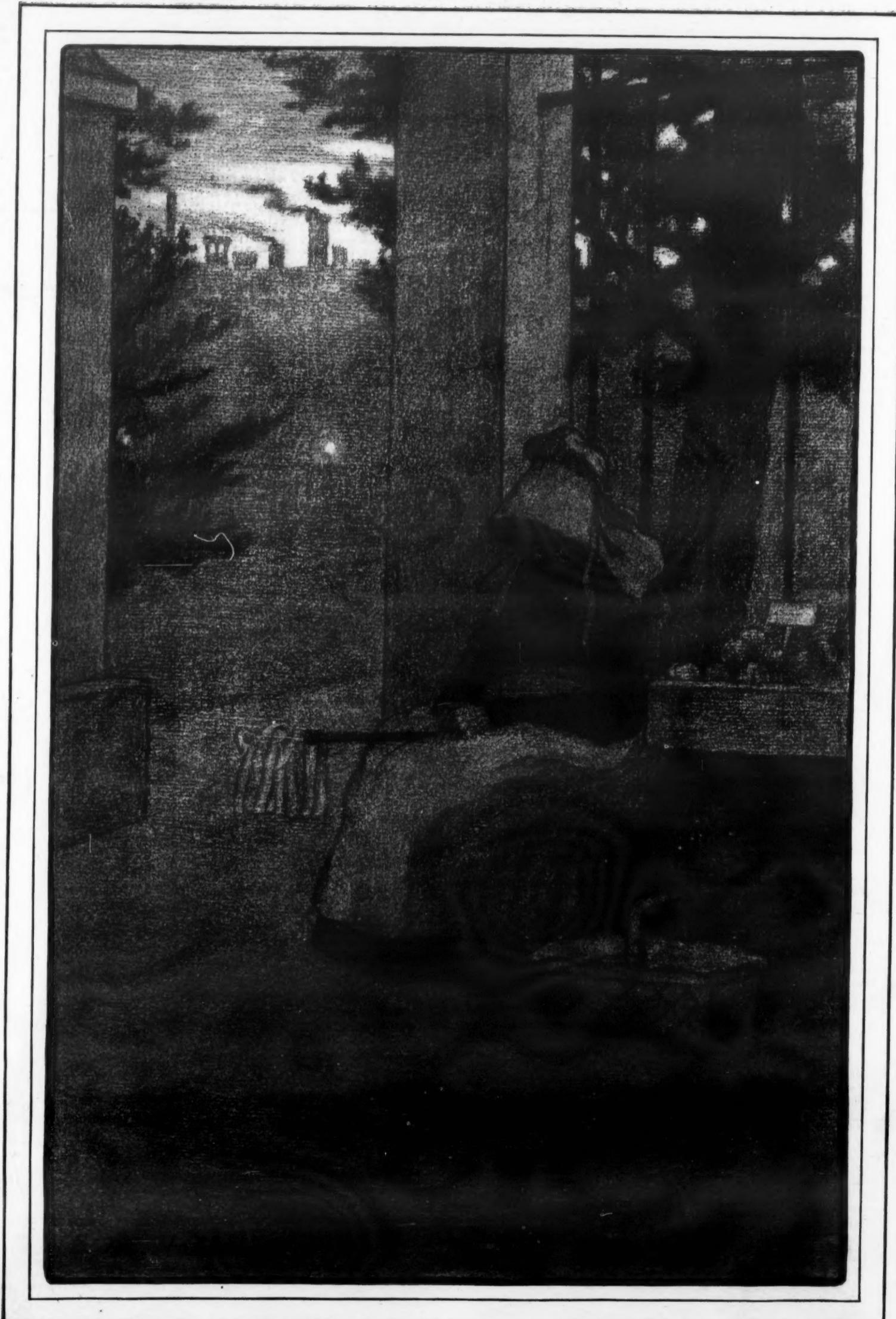
"I saw an improvement from the start, but missed my morning beverage and felt a great lack. It was at the home of a friend and Postum apostle, Mrs. ——, of Lonsdale, that I tasted my first Postum. Her family had sworn by it a year or more, and declared themselves, from the least to the greatest, benefited by its use.

"I was surprised to find it really palatable, and determined that I could improve on it myself. I purchased a box, and as we all do, on the first trial, made a lamentable failure of it, through insufficient boiling, and the Postum was poked away on an upper shelf, until the oft-reiterated newspaper statements made me determine to try it again, with long boiling.

"I took twenty-five minutes to prepare it, about ten minutes to bring it up to a boil, and then allowed it to boil steadily for fifteen minutes, and from the first sip, I was enthusiastic over the new beverage, and even wanted a second cup. It has never palled upon me, morning or night. Nothing could induce me to go back to the berry coffee.

"The change Postum has wrought in me seems little short of miraculous. For the first time in many years, I am really well, my color has freshened, headache has not visited me for many weeks, and my ability for work has returned with all its old zest. I shall never cease to be grateful for what I feel is a remarkable cure due to nothing more than Postum Food, Coffee, in place of the Oriental berry.

"Sincerely yours, Mrs. R. B. Tallman, Centredale, R. I."



AT THE CLOSE OF DAY.

Into the city's streets where all the day
The noisy tide of trade remorseless poured,
The twilight creeps, and evening's quietness.
From heavenly fastnesses the stars look out,
Down on the empty marts of Mammon's sons.

So in the soul of one poor child of God,
Ignored of men, sore buffeted and worn,
The shadows gather of the night of life—
The light breaks forth of an eternal day.

CHARLES FRANCIS SAUNDERS.



THE BUSY SAN MIGUEL BREWERY, BEYOND THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE IN MANILA.



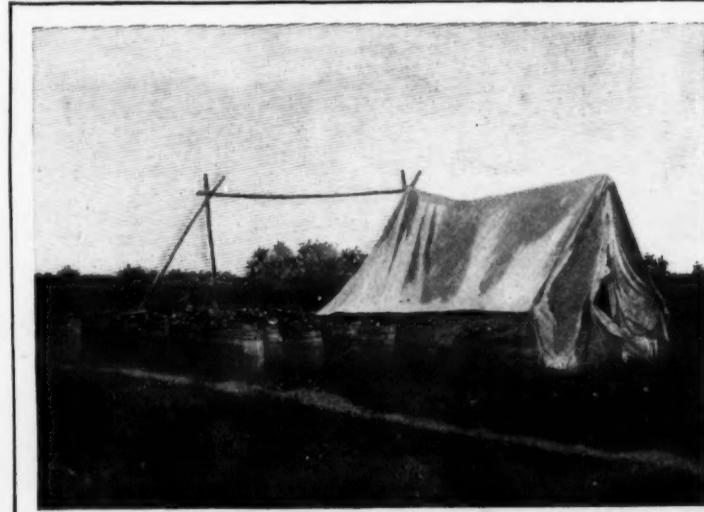
SAN FERNANDO STREET, MANILA, WHERE NUMEROUS NOTORIOUS DIVES EXIST.



MANILA'S PRINCIPAL STREET, THE ESCOLTA, FULL OF AMERICAN SIGNS, INCLUDING THOSE OF MANY DRINKING-RESORTS.



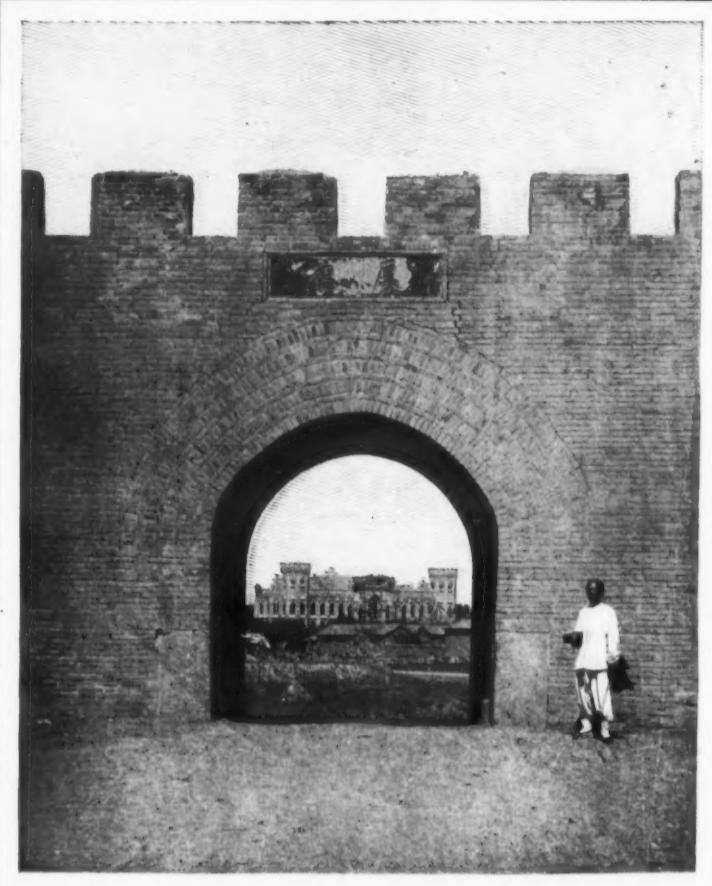
ANOTHER VIEW OF THE ESCOLTA. —THE ASSORT WITH THE WHITE ROOF IS "TEE PARIS RESTAURANT." —[See article on page 67.]



BARRELS OF BEER-BOTTLES, CALLED "DEAD SOLDIERS," ACCUMULATED AT THE CANTEEN OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY, CALOOCAN, DURING THE FALL CAMPAIGN.

THE DISGRACE OF UNCLE SAM.

OUR OCCUPATION OF MANILA HAS RESULTED IN THE ESTABLISHMENT OF NUMEROUS LOW DRINKING-RESORTS, WHICH ARE RAPIDLY CORRUPTING THE TEMPERATE FILIPINOS.—[See article on page 67.]



GATE OF THE WALL ABOUT TIEN-TSIN, SHOWING THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDING WITHIN.



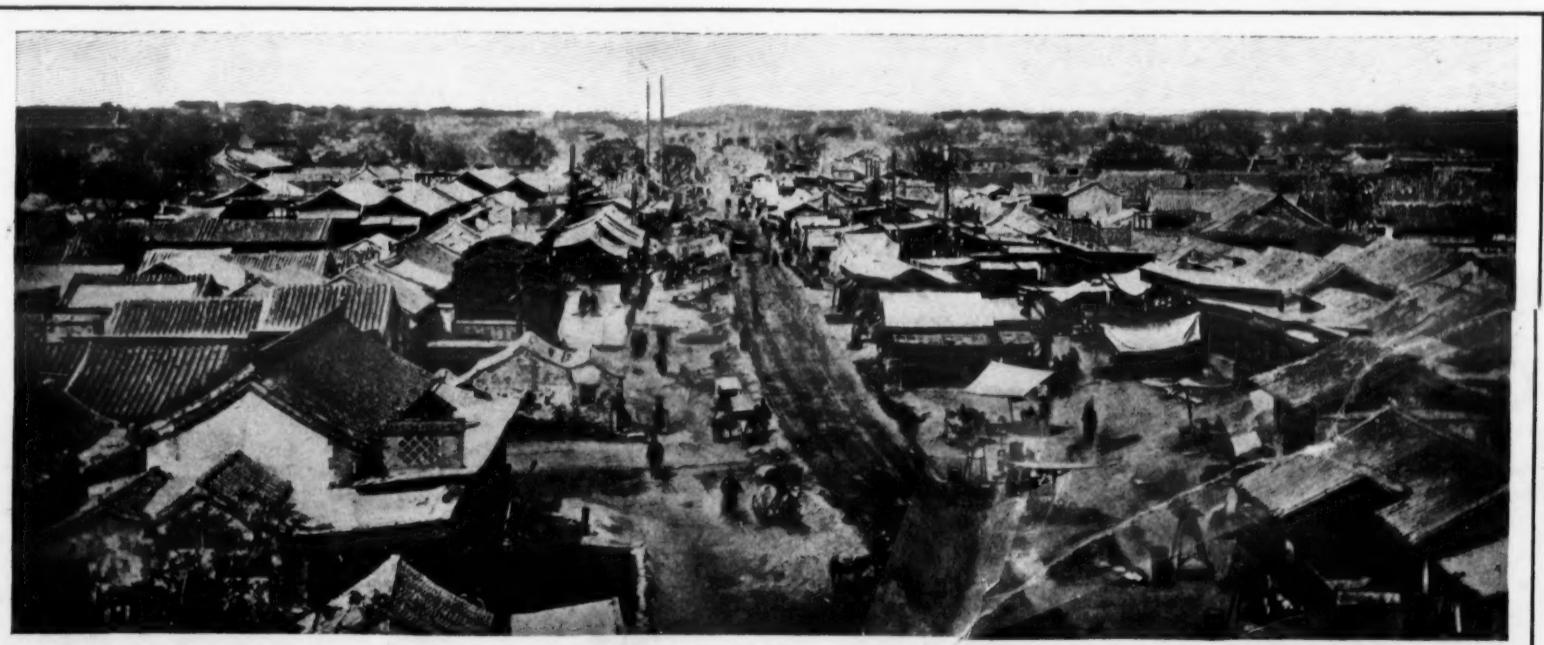
WINNOWING GRAIN WITH A HAND FAN, AS STILL PRACTICED IN CHINA.



HOW ALL THE WEAVING OF CLOTH IS STILL CARRIED ON THROUGHOUT CHINA.



THE CAMELS THAT TAKE THE PLACE OF FREIGHT-CARS FOR TRANSPORTING COAL OVER LONG DISTANCES



PEKING'S BROADWAY, LOOKING NORTH FROM TOP OF CITY GATE.

CHINA, THE WORLD'S GREATEST KID W

A RICH AND DENSELY POPULATED LAND ONLY AWAITING THE ENTRANCE OF EN BRIN



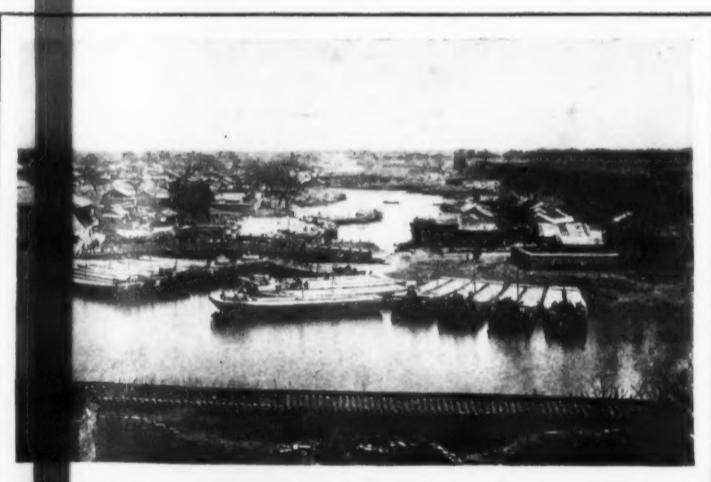
COAL HILLS NORTH OF THE IMPERIAL PALACES IN PEKING, CONTAINING SUPPLIES OF COAL FOR EMERGENCIES IN CASE OF SIEGE.



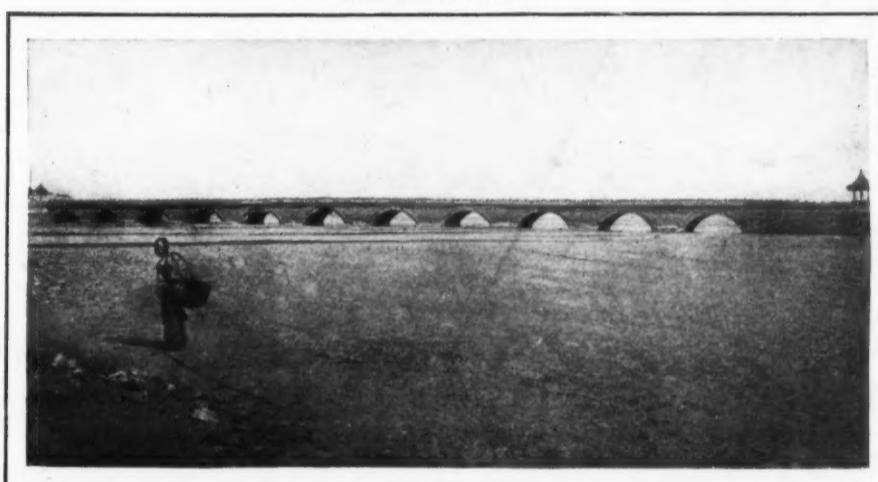
MAIN GATE OF PEKING, USED AS A MARKET PLACE.



PASSAGE UNDER THE GREAT WALL NORTH OF PEKING, THROUGH WHICH ALL TRAFFIC FROM MONGOLIA MUST GO.



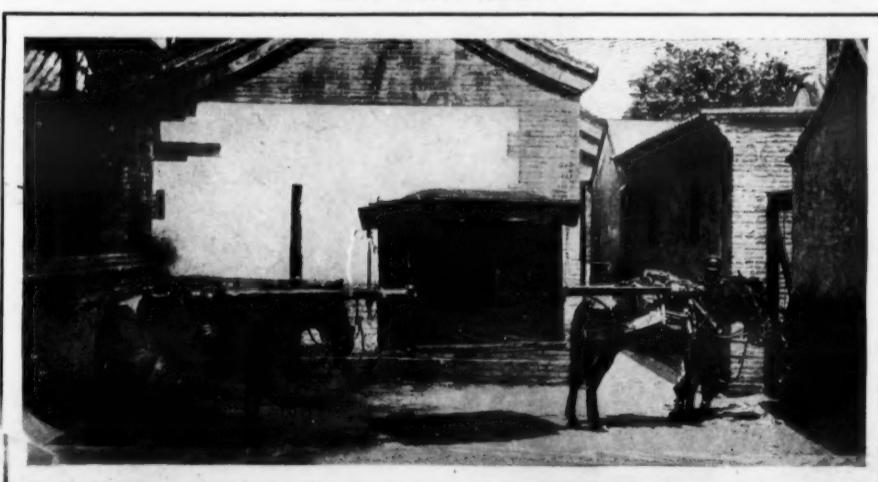
CANAL AT PEKING—BOATS MOSTLY LANDED WITH RICE.



FAMOUS BRICK BRIDGE, TWO THOUSAND YEARS OLD, WEST OF PEKING—MENTIONED IN MARCO POLO'S "TRAVELS."



SLED TRANSIT—PASSENGER SLEDS FROM TIEN-TSIN TO PEKING.



THE CHINESE PALACE-CAR FOR PASSENGER TRAVEL.



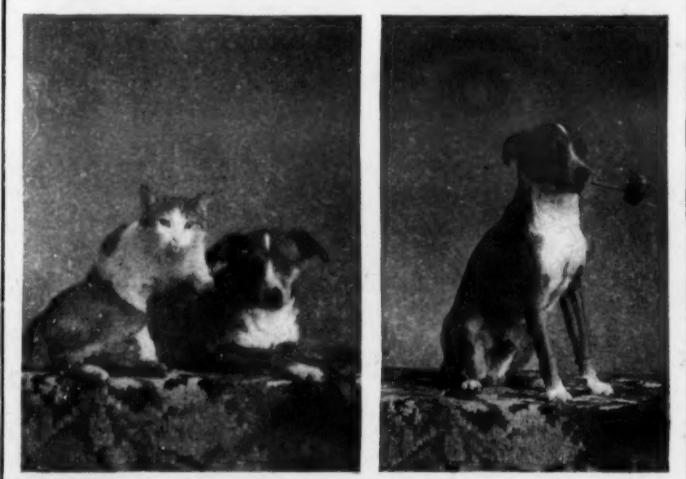
RESULT OF THE EARTHQUAKE AT SAN JACINTO, CAL., DECEMBER 25TH, 1899.
E. T. Parsons, Chicago.



SNOW TUNNEL THROUGH A FIFTEEN-FOOT DRIFT AT BRECKINRIDGE, COLO.—Mrs. Dora Marvel.



CHRSTMAS DINNER ON THE FLAG-SHIP "NEW YORK," AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD.—Mrs. A. B. Phelan, New York. (The prize-winner.)



"THE FAITHFUL FRIEND."—Frank E. Munroe, Frankfort, Mich.



"THE COLORS" OF THE FORTY-FOURTH UNITED STATES VOLUNTEER INFANTRY, AT HONOLULU, NOVEMBER, 1899, EN ROUTE TO MANILA.—W. T. Monsarrat, Honolulu.

OUR AMATEUR PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST—NEW YORK WINS.

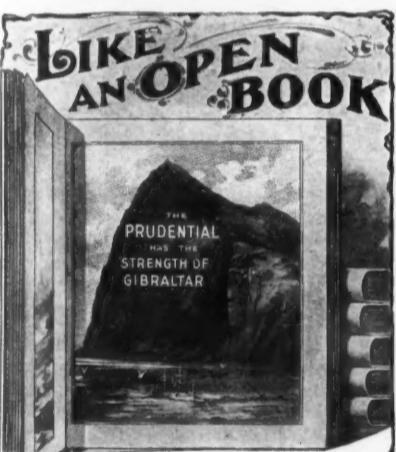
[SEE ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 70.]

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Vigoral
A DELICIOUSLY SEASONED
BEEF DRINK—
MAKES WEAK PEOPLE STRONG

Served at all cafes and soda fountains
Sold by all Druggists and Grocers
ARMOUR & COMPANY, CHICAGO.

\$1,000 PRIZE CALENDAR OFFER—The January and cover designs in colors, same as published in *Truth* (size, 10x14), will both be mailed to any address on receipt of metal cap from jar of Vigoral.



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has been read and re-read by millions. The progress of this Company has been due to—

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BROWN'S Bronchial Troches
(Made only by John I. Brown & Son, Boston.)
give instant relief in
Hoarseness

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. I. 4, Lebanon, Ohio.

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Conn. Magazine Co., Hartford, Conn.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

I enclose a picture taken by me in one of the leading barber shops in this city yesterday. While awaiting "my turn," the old gentleman in the chair entered and asked if he could be shaved. Being told that he could, he asked what soap they used, and said if they didn't use WILLIAMS' Soap he would go elsewhere. He stated that he was ninety-three years old, and had used nothing but WILLIAMS' Soap for more than half of his life. That many years ago his face had been badly poisoned in a shop, where one of the so-called cheap soaps was used, and he had suffered agonies. He at once quit that shop and went to one where WILLIAMS' Soap was always used. Since then he had fought shy of all barbers who did not use "WILLIAMS' SOAP."

Very Respectfully, J. W. URQUHART,
Detroit, Mich.

MORAL: Protect yourself by insisting that your barber uses WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP. Accept no substitute from dealers if you shave yourself. Williams' Soaps are sold all over the world.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Glastonbury, Conn.
Depots: London, Paris, Dresden, Sydney.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
"IF I HAD ONLY KNOWN OF THIS YEAR'S AGO"
ED. PINAUD'S EAU DE QUININE
PRESERVES THE HAIR, CLEANSES THE SCALP, AND KEEPS IT FREE FROM DANDRUFF.
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

MORPHINE, WHISKEY, OPIUM, LAUDANUM, &c. AS A DISEASE

We permanently cure the afflicted **AT HOME** without pain, publicity or detention from business. **PHYSICIANS** we have cured now prescribe our treatment. We shall meet it as a **DISEASE**, and with miraculous results. **PHYSICIANS** and all, correspond with us in perfect confidence. **HOME TREATMENT CO.**, 48 W. 24th St., N.Y.

SAMPLE-FREE

MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA.

FOURTY-SIX DAYS' TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The Pennsylvania Railroad personally-conducted tour to Mexico and California which leaves New York and Philadelphia on February 12th (Pittsburg February 13th) by special Pullman train, covers a large and intensely interesting portion of North America. Mexico, California, and Colorado are a mighty trio in all that appeals to and fascinates the tourist.

Stop will be made at San Antonio, Tampico, Guanajuato, Guadalajara, Queretaro, City of Mexico (five days), Cuernavaca, Aguascalientes, Los Angeles, San Diego, Riverside, Pasadena, Santa Barbara, San José (Mt. Hamilton), Del Monte, San Francisco (five days), Salt Lake City, Colorado Springs, Denver, Chicago, and other points of interest. Fourteen days will be spent in Mexico, and nineteen in California.

The "Mexico and California Special," an exclusively Pullman train of parlor-smoking, dining, drawing-room sleeping, and observation cars will be used over the entire route.

Rou d-trip rate, including all necessary expenses during entire trip, \$850 from all points on the Pennsylvania Railroad system east of Pittsburg; \$845 from Pittsburg. For itinerary and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 4 Court Street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.; B. Courlaender, Jr., Passenger Agent, Baltimore District, Baltimore, Md.; Colin Studis, Passenger Agent, Southeastern District, Washington, D. C.; Thomas E. Watt, Passenger Agent, Western District, Pittsburgh, Penn.; or address George W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

NOT A PENNY BEFORE YOU SEE IT.
14-karat, gold filled, double hunting case Watch, with your Monogram engraved, American stem wind and set. Full jewelled. SENT C. O. D. FOR \$8.97, with privilege of examination before paying; if not satisfied, order express agent to return it. Give correct address, nearest express office, also initials; mention ladies' or gent's size. Address, **EAGLE WATCH CO.**, Dept. G, 58 Halden Lane, New York.

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Satisfy those who enjoy wholesome, delicious, well seasoned food. Made from the choicest meat stock that money can buy, in Libby's famous hygienic kitchens. Enough in each can to make 8 plates of soup. 10c. at your grocers.

LIBBY, MCNEILL & LIBBY,
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Booklet "How to Make Good Things to Eat" free

HAS IT OCCURRED TO YOU

That such great questions as Trusts, National Expansion, Government and Municipal Ownership, Direct Legislation, Money, etc., are subjects worth studying? These are all questions likely to become issues in the next National Campaign. Take "Trusts" for instance. Are they a benefit or an evil? Broad, liberal-minded men believe

THAT THERE ARE TWO SIDES TO

the question. Believing that a fair presentation of **BOTH SIDES** of these great questions is needed that all may act intelligently. The University Association has arranged for the publication of a popular course of study on them.

EVERY QUESTION

is treated fully and impartially. The contributors are recognized authorities. There is also a department on International Law by Prof. J. B. Moore of Columbia University (Ex-Ass't Sec'y of State and Secretary to the Paris Peace Commission), which is of the greatest importance now that the United States is destined to become a world power.

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SENATOR DEPEW IN THE STUDY OF HIS WASHINGTON HOME.

Washington Gossip.

SENATOR DEPEW'S HEARTY WELCOME—TALENTED MRS. HANSBROUGH AND POPULAR LADY PAUNCEFOTE—A THRIFTY MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

NEARLY all political leaders serve an apprenticeship before they are granted the chief place by their following, and new members in both houses of Congress are expected to efface themselves for the first few months after taking the oath of office, and remain passive listeners while they become familiar with parliamentary law as practiced in the American Congress and with the traditions of the body in which they serve. Now and then, however, a leader springs up from the new contingent in either Senate or House, like Minerva from the brain of Jove, and draws to himself not only the attention of his colleagues, but of the whole country. Such an exception is Chauncey M. Depew, the junior Senator from New York, whose reputation as an orator and man of affairs made an immediate place for him among the leaders of the upper house, a place some of his associates have failed to reach after years of service. It must not be thought that Senator Depew has asserted himself, and taken as a right what has been accorded him as courtesy. On the contrary, he has been urged to more prominence than he has been willing to assume; Senatorial courtesy, that bugbear of the new member, has been set aside in his honor, and he has been straightway admitted into the holy of holies of the august body in which he sits.

Senator Depew, indeed, had not intended to speak this session, but, urged by his friends and associates, consented to deliver a eulogy on the late Vice-President, his long time friend. This address was not disappointing, and there can be no higher praise, for anticipation was keen regarding the maiden speech of the junior Senator from the Empire State, and a high standard had been set. The most severe and by no means the least intelligent critics of the Senators are the pages, who judge from the inside and from an intimate knowledge of their superiors. Fortunately, Senator Depew has won the approbation of these gentry, and there is a friendly competition over the privilege of serving him. "He is the right stuff," remarked a little fellow the other day, "even if he did pat me on the head"—a familiarity, it seems, seriously objected to as being inconsistent with the dignity of these statesmen in embryo.

Senator Depew is living in the house famous as the home of Webster, which is presided over by his niece, Miss Paulding, and has already given evidence of his hospitable intentions by a reception to the New York delegation and some handsomely-appointed dinners, which indicate that he will take a leading place among the Ambitryons of the capital, noted since the early days for its magnificent banquets.

* * *



MRS. HANSBROUGH, THE TALENTED WIFE OF THE NORTH DAKOTA SENATOR.

of her own hands—of the Senator's Indian friends, which adorn the walls of her Washington home.

* * *

Senator Stewart, of Nevada, is a merry and jovial Solon,

whose resemblance to Santa Claus makes him a favorite with the children, and whose strength at nearly three score years and ten is the wonder of his associates. One of them undertook to sneer at his powers in this direction not long ago, when the silver Senator and a number of colleagues were gossiping together in the cloak-room. "You don't believe I am strong, do you?" said Stewart. "Well, I will show you," and with that he took the doubter by the waist and threw him quickly over his shoulders, since when none of his associates have questioned his muscle.

* * *

Lady Pauncefote was never in better form and spirits than on New Year's, her last in Washington, since the ambassador will be retired early in the spring—a fact generally commented upon and regretted. As usual she was one of the first to greet the President, and occupied the seat of honor at the breakfast



LADY PAUNCEFOTE, WIFE OF THE BRITISH MINISTER, ALIGHTING AT SECRETARY HAY'S HOUSE.

which the Secretary of State, following a time-honored custom, gave in honor of the diplomatic corps. The departure of the Pauncefotes will be sincerely regretted. They are delightful people, and under their *régime* the hospitable traditions of the embassy, which is the social headquarters of the diplomatic corps and its American satellites, have been handsomely maintained.

* * *

The present Korean minister entirely lacks the progressive spirit that marked his predecessors, and is one of the most conservative Orientals ever accredited to this capital, not excepting the Chinese, who are slower as a rule than their neighbors in adopting Occidental customs. Until a year ago both Mr. and Madam Ye wore the picturesque robes characteristic of their country, which they laid aside at the express command of the Emperor. Since then Mr. Ye has adopted the dress common here, and his consort is supposed to model her toilettes after those at present in vogue in this country, but her costumes are a compromise. She has never abandoned the peculiar head-dress which denotes her rank and station; neither are her gowns of the fashionable cut, but remain loose and flowing—less stylish, to be sure, but more graceful than those of her American sisters.

* * *

A noted M. C., familiarly known as "Joe," is one of the thirstiest men in Congress, and the patronage at his disposal is made to do effective work in his home district. Not long ago he requested of a certain chief in the Interior Department an appointment as laborer for one of his constituents. The request was promptly complied with, but, much to the surprise of the chief, as promptly declined. The member was sent for.

"What does this mean?" demanded the official. "The man you were so urgent to have named as a laborer declines the position."

"Yes, I know," replied the M. C. "I advised him to."

"You advised him to," echoed the chief. "What was the matter? I gave you exactly what you asked for, didn't I?"

"Yes," responded Joe. "I have no fault to find with the appointment. The case is like this: My constituents follow me

down to Washington hoping to get soft berths in the government service. There are a dozen here now, and not places enough to go round. I secure the appointment for one, he asks my advice, and I tell him to decline, his job at home is better, so he goes back satisfied. I appoint another, he declines at my advice, but he has been paid, he is flattered and content—and so on through the list. You see, a man learns a thing or two after twenty years in Washington, and I have learned to make one appointment do for a dozen supporters."

* * *

Captain Paul Vignal, the new military attaché of the French embassy, is warmly liked here, and his charming wife, a daughter of the sculptor Borglum, bids fair to be one of the most popular women in the diplomatic corps. To the native wit and subtle charm which mark the daughters of France, Madame Vignal unites beauty, tact, and much grace of manner. She speaks English with a piquant accent, and, as the only woman at the embassy, holds truly an enviable position. Captain Vignal is a young man of distinguished appearance, who has a gallant record to his credit. On graduating from the *École Polytechnique*, he was commissioned second lieutenant and stationed at the school of military engineers at Fontainebleau; two years later he was promoted one number and appointed to the first regiment of engineers. He served also on the staff of the infantry of the first army corps, and his work on the defenses of the frontier won the praise of his superiors, who regard him as one of the



THE KOREAN MINISTER'S WIFE AND SON.

most promising of the younger men in the army. His appointment to the embassy here was intended as a mark of approbation.

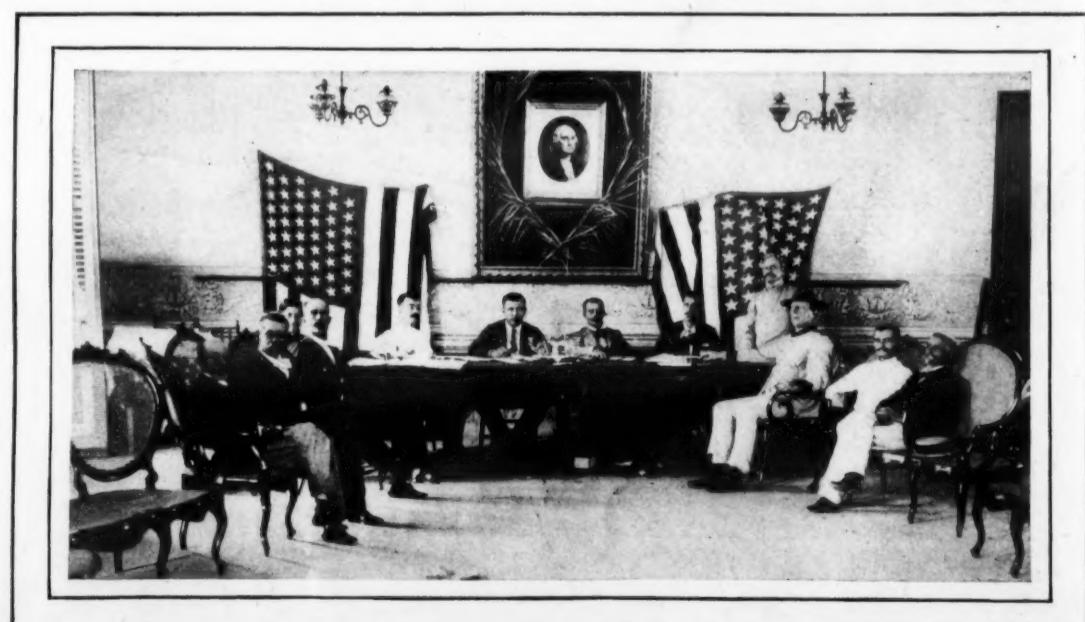
* * *

Mrs. McKinley has won the hearts of little children. One morning last summer, during the illness of the mistress of the White House, a lady in the West End visited her garden, which was the pride and joy of her heart and had cost her no little labor and expense, to find it stripped of all its beautiful flowers. Thieves, she concluded, had denuded it in the night, but, turning suddenly to call a policeman, she stumbled over the real culprit, her four-year old daughter, who held the gorgeous blooms in the upturned skirt of her dress.

"What have you done, my child? What have you done?" asked the mother in a tone of despair.

"Dey is for Mrs. McTinley, dey is for Mrs. McTinley. She sick, she berry sick, mamma," lisped the baby, wistfully, and, of course, escaped punishment.

CHARLOTTE.



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Papa—“How could he catch flies if he were not?”

Tommy—“Why, with fly-paper, I should think.”—Judge.

A WILL AND A WAY.

“GEORGE,” she cooed, “why can't we get married next Sunday?”

“Well,” hesitatingly replied the recalcitrant but manly youth at her side, “we could, I suppose; but it may rain Sunday.”

“George, if it rains Sunday couldn't we get married Saturday?”—Judge.

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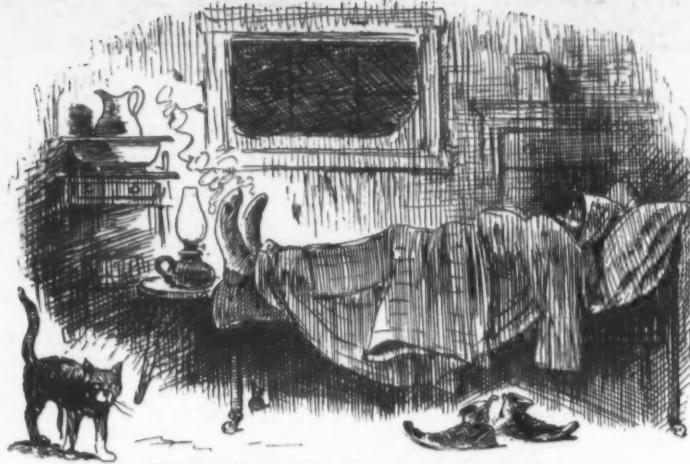
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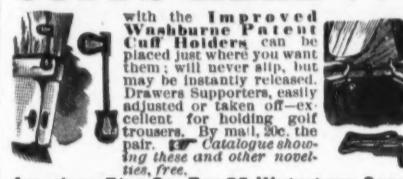


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